HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXV.—No. 1807.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1891.

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ON A ROOF GARDEN, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 595.]

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PROSPECTS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE most general and forcible objection to Republican control is not always considered by honest Republicans. It is not so much the injustice of a high protective policy as a deep and wide-spread conviction that it is a control based upon corruption. This feeling is not affected by the retort that the Democrats are quite as bad as Republicans, because the Republicans are the party of administration, and the protective policy is largely sustained by corporate capital. The Republican party is held by a host of intelligent people to be the party of corruption, of which politicians like QUAY, WANAMAKER, and DUDLEY are representative leaders, and the defeat of a party led by them is felt to be the most pressing political duty. This is a feeling which is not confined to Democrats or "assistant Democrats." It is perilously prevalent within the party. The Pennsylvania Republican protests and votes of last year and of this summer show the extent and force of the feeling that this leadership, with its spirit and methods, must be radically changed or the party shall be defeated. The following letter of a Pennsylvania Republican who retains the old Republican feeling and courage expresses this conviction:

"The defalcation of Senator DELAMATER to the State in the sum of $100,000 within a month of his defeat for Governor last November created an intense hostility to Senator QUAY, and even if there had been any disposition on the part of the people to condone the Senator's offence in nominating DELAMATER in defiance of the popular will, it has been wholly removed by the recent loss of more than a million dollars by the defaulting Treasurer of Philadelphia, due almost entirely to the dereliction of duty on the part of the Auditor-General and State Treasurer, both of whom hold office by the grace of Senator QUAY, and for which loss Senator QUAY will be held morally and politically accountable.

"It may be brutally unjust to hold Senator QUAY directly responsible for the BARDSLEY defalcation; but the dishonor put upon the party in making DELAMATER its leader against protests from every county in the State attaches exclusively to Senator QUAY, and it will cause his dethronement should he persist in remaining in command.

"If the Republican party of Pennsylvania would court success instead of defeat, its Convention should boldly denounce the system which made DELAMATER's nomination possible; it should fearlessly condemn Auditor-General MCCAMANT and State Treasurer BOYER for their wilful dereliction of duty, and then prove the sincerity of its action by nominating candidates wholly acceptable to all factions and interests of the Republican party, whose ability, integrity, and fitness must be conceded alike by independents and stalwarts, and which cannot be questioned by Democrats.

"Having so emphatically stated that the Auditor-General and State Treasurer are responsible for the loss of a million dollars or more by the defalcation of JOHN BARDSLEY, and as these are the only State officers to be elected in Pennsylvania next November, I quote the law and give the facts.

"The act of May 18, 1857, sec. 79, page 570, pamphlet laws, thus provides:

"'The Treasurer of the city of Philadelphia, and all county and city treasurers, every recorder of deeds, register of wills, prothonotary, clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions, and clerk of the Orphans' Court in the commonwealth shall on the first Monday in July next, and quarterly thereafter, or oftener if required by the State Treasurer, pay into the Treasury, or such place of deposit as the State Treasurer shall designate, to the credit of the commonwealth, the whole amount of money received during the period preceding such payments; and such officers shall file and settle quarterly accounts in the office of the Auditor-General as now required by law. In every case where a balance due the commonwealth shall remain unpaid for a period of ten days after such quarterly settlement, suit shall be commenced against such delinquent and his sureties, as is provided in case of defaulting officers.'

"The act of May 14, 1874, sec. 1, page 175, pamphlet laws, thus provides:

"'The Treasurer of the city of Philadelphia is hereby required to render to the Auditor-General and State Treasurer quarterly returns of all moneys received by him for the use of the commonwealth, designating under proper heads the source from which the money was received; and all such moneys so collected shall be paid into the State Treasury quarterly, or oftener if required by the State Treasurer.'

"On the 12th of June, 1891, Auditor-General MCCAMANT appeared before the BARDSLEY investigating committee, and testified under oath to this official statement:—

"The final adjustment of liquor licenses account as made March 18, 1891:

Due for licenses for 1890		$627,604 18
Paid February 27, '91	$100,000 00	
" March 18, '91	25,000 00	
" March 26, '91	50,000 00	
" April 13, '91	50,000 00	
" May 16, '91	35,000 00	
Licenses for 1890 still due		367,604 18
Taxes on municipal loans still due		86,030 80
By settlement of December 31, '90, the amount due for taxes on personal property was		622,013 11
Paid January 13, 1891		150,000 00
Personal taxes still due for 1890		472,013 11
Out of that balance the city will get		109,937 07
Net amount due for personal property taxes for 1890		362,076 04
Net total amount due from the city up to the close of the year 1890		815,711 02

"The liquor-license fees for 1890 were all collected previous to June 15, 1890, by the City Treasurer of Philadelphia, and the first payment to the State Treasurer was made February 27, 1891, or more than eight months after the collections had all been made. Between that time and May 16, 1891, other payments were made to the State Treasurer on account of the $627,604 18 collected; but on the 12th day of June, 1891, there yet remained in the hands of the City Treasurer of Philadelphia $367,604 18 of that amount collected by him. Yet the law made it obligatory—mandatory—upon the Auditor-General and State Treasurer to have all such collections paid into the State Treasury *within three months of the time of their collection.* The same violation of law exists as to all other collections made by the imprisoned Treasurer during the years 1889 and 1890.

"For the Republican party to condone such violations of law on the part of its Auditor-General would be to invite the most disastrous defeat the party has ever known in the State of Pennsylvania. For the Republican party of this State to go to the people with the impress of Senator QUAY upon the ticket would be to herald in advance of the election a defeat approaching 50,000 votes."

THE LATE WAR IN TENNESSEE.

THE most remarkable of recent incidents was the war between the State of Tennessee and an organization of miners in the State. The head-lines of reports in the New York newspapers recognized the belligerent rights of both sides: "Miners offer Terms;" "Peace made with Miners;" "Convicts to return to Work, pending the extra Session of the Legislature;" "The Agreement reached by the Committees;" "Willing to let the Legislature solve the Difficulty;" "They would agree to the Return of the Convicts to the Mines in the mean time, but the Militia must be sent away." It might not be supposed that these words describe negotiations between the Governor of the State and armed violators of the law. The State of Tennessee leases the labor of its convicts to private corporations. The system is not only semi-civilized, but it is unpopular. But it appears that the State has not felt able to provide adequate accommodations for its prisoners, and a mining company employs a large number of them, with a larger number of free miners. The natural jealousy which arises under such circumstances and the increasing popular dislike of the system led to an armed expulsion of the convicts from the mines by the free miners, and a body of State militia summoned to keep the peace surrendered to the rioters. Negotiations followed with the Governor of the State, and the insurgents unanimously agreed that they would return the convicts to the mines and guarantee their safety on condition that the militia were ordered home, and that within sixty days the Legislature should be convened, during which time hostilities should be suspended.

This was simply a surrender of the State, in the form of an armistice. If at the end of sixty days the Legislature should not have repealed or modified the law in a manner acceptable to the insurgent miners, the armistice would expire, and hostilities might be resumed. This is an unusual if not unprecedented action by a State. The theory of our institutions is that when a law is felt to be unjust, or when for any reason it loses public approval, the people will elect a Legislature which will repeal it. It is not the theory of our institutions, nor has it been hitherto the practice of States, when a law is resisted in arms, to agree that it shall be repealed if those who dislike it will keep quiet until a legal repeal can be effected. The organized free miners are not a privileged class. What they may rightfully do every other body of citizens may do with the same right, and the opponents of a law have but to organize and arm, and open negotiations with the authorities of the State for the repeal of the objectionable statute.

This is the significance of the late events in Tennessee. One report says, "Never in the history of labor agitation have illegal acts been committed in as orderly fashion as were those of the Coal Creek Valley miners." There is no question of it. All the forms and courtesies of war were observed. But no necessity of war has been alleged, and certainly none has been shown. Every account concedes that the convict-lease law is very unpopular and felt to be unjust, and that public opinion is with the miners. There is no doubt, then, that legal redress was practicable and certain. A free people will not maintain a law which is obnoxious to them. The convict-lease system is a wretched one which ought not to be maintained. That, it seems, is the general opinion in Tennessee, and consequently the armed overthrow of the law was a precedent which is greatly to be deplored.

PLANKS AND PLATFORMS.

THERE is evidently a general feeling that the political contest in Ohio this year will be regarded as a dress rehearsal of next year's national contest. The State issues are little considered, and the platforms of both parties emphasize national questions. Governor CAMPBELL thinks that everything but the tariff will be lost sight of before the election. The Governor also says that the platform does not exactly represent his views upon the silver issue, but that he is "not going back on the platform." He thinks that his party in the State is about evenly divided upon the silver question, and that the platform declaration will make votes for the party because the Farmers' Alliance and People's Party have declared for free coinage. All these remarks are attributed to Governor CAMPBELL in reports of interviews. But they suggest several questions: What is a platform? In voting for a candidate does the voter declare for the platform or only for the candidate? May a good party man "spit upon the platform," like the free-soil Democracy in New York in 1844, and vote for the candidate; and may he also hold to the platform and spit upon the candidate? In England there are certain questions which are "open," and upon which even members of the government may differ. But in this country may the member of a party decide which of the platform declarations are open questions? May a Democrat in Ohio decide that he will stick to the free-coinage plank and spit upon the tariff-revision plank and remain in good standing?

Mr. BUCHANAN, in accepting the Democratic nomination in 1856, said, in effect, that he had ceased to be an individual and had become a platform. Governor CAMPBELL says that on one cardinal point he disagrees with the platform. But a party is an organization to secure the adoption of certain measures. Why should its candidate be supported if his success will promote that of measures which the voter disapproves? Or is the voter to aim at the result which upon the whole will probably do the least injury to the country? These are all legitimate questions, and there is one more. Does party government require us to support dangerous policies in order to secure a chance of obtaining beneficent measures? The tariff is a financial question. It is a method of taxation. Free silver is a vital question of the currency. But are not the financial principles of those who favor it radically unsound; and can the general financial policy of the friends of free silver be trusted?

The currency declaration of the Ohio Democratic platform is quite as serious as any other in that document. It may be desirable that Republican administration should be overthrown, because of the necessary corruption of a system of public taxes determined by the weight of private and corporate interests, and to that end it may be wise to use any instrument that offers. It may be considered desirable in order to promote tariff revision by Congress to vote for Governor HILL in New York this autumn, should he be nominated. But in that case party government would seem to be a less meritorious system than it is constantly declared to be. Governor CAMPBELL says that the free-coinage declaration will win votes for the Democratic party. But if he thinks it a dangerous policy, why should he wish to increase the free-coinage momentum in his party? Might not the friends of an honest currency be discomforted if they should discover that in order to get a chance to revise the tariff they had ruinously disturbed the currency? Or would they console themselves with the reflection that in this world we cannot have everything as we wish? That was a view, we believe, which did not regulate the conduct of the early Christians.

MR. CLEVELAND ON CAPE COD.

THE recent reception of Mr. CLEVELAND at Sandwich on Cape Cod in Massachusetts was a pleasant tribute of respect to an ex-President from his summer neighbors. The Governor of the State and the Mayor of Boston were among the guests. They are both of the same political party with Mr. CLEVELAND; but this fact had no significance, for the occasion was entirely friendly, and was not a political demonstration. All the meaning of that kind which it might have lay in the fact that Mr. CLEVELAND is a very probable candidate of his party for the Presidency, and whatever shows the public regard in which he is held may be supposed to favor his chance at the polls.

An attempt was made to represent the occasion as a Democratic trap to catch unwary Republicans. But the attempt was designed to give the incident a party aspect, and to prevent its effect as a sign of personal respect and good will. But it failed utterly. One of the Republican orators, the late Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, frankly expressed his regard for the guest, and alluded to him as the leader of one great party, and to Mr. BLAINE as the leader of the other, coupling the two names in praise of their ability and fidelity; and another Republican well expressed the true spirit of the demonstration in saying,

> "I want to say that when an ex-President of the United States makes his home in a community with which I happen to be for the time identified, and I am asked to take part in a reception in his honor, I should regard myself as lacking in patriotism, I should regard myself as a very bigoted sort of a partisan, if I should refuse to participate simply because we did not entertain the same political views."

The incident was interesting as an illustration of the ability of intelligent Americans to unite in an expression of regard to an eminent citizen, and as a tribute to high personal character in a public man. Mr. WILLIAM EVERETT, in an exceedingly felicitous speech, recalled the two Massachusetts ex-Presidents, and quoted DISRAELI's famous remark to Lord JOHN RUSSELL when he withdrew a reform bill. His opponent said that the withdrawal could not injure the reputation of the noble lord, whose character was one of the precious possessions of the House. The fury of party assault has certainly not injured the character of Mr. CLEVELAND. But if, as reported, because of the words we have quoted, the Republican who used them has not been made chairman of the Platform Committee of the next Republican Convention, it is exceedingly low tide in Republican Massachusetts.

SPECULATING UPON THE COPYRIGHT LAW.

IN some friendly remarks on the new copyright law, the London *Times* says that it is a subtle question whether the effort to command the vast new public which is opened to him will not modify the aims and the style of the British author. May not the desire to please a large and uncultivated public somewhat degrade the character of British literature? For, says the *Times*, "it is an humbling thought that the widest circulation that any American author has attained during recent years was reached by a certain Rev. E. P. ROE, who lately died. Now Mr. ROE, with all his virtues, was not a man whom clever writers should set themselves to imitate."

The *Times*, however, might reflect that although the largest circulation attained by journals in London is that of those of which little is known, the fact does not affect the quality of the *Times* or the *Spectator*. Moreover, the writers who set themselves to imitate others do not found a literature, nor is their imitation due to the desire to find an audience. It is the instinctive tribute to a power which fascinates and commands. The imitators of BYRON merely expressed in that way, but unconsciously, the force of his fascination. It was not a device of authors to sell their wares.

The *Times*, however, says truly, "The best work of which a man is capable—this is what is most likely to bring him success." For the production of such best work fair play is a cardinal condition, and that is largely provided by the new law, which embraces artists no less than authors. Even if nobody should be pecuniarily benefited by it, everybody will feel better.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

THE long illness of Mr. SPURGEON has served to furnish another illustration of the relaxing of mere sectarian bonds. Mr. GLADSTONE's very warm letter of sympathy has been published, and the wife and daughters of the Archbishop of Canterbury have called to inquire about the health of the arch non-conformist. These are pleasant incidents, because the moment that differences of religious belief are regarded as but honest differences of opinion, and are not deprecated and denounced as imperilling the soul's salvation, the kingdom of Heaven is visibly nearer.

It is this feeling which interprets the late ecclesiastical discussions in this country. The public mind refuses to admit that rectitude of life and intellectual honesty and spiritual aims are not as essential elements of religion as uniformity of speculative opinion or dogma. Without denying that harmony of view may be essential to ecclesiastical co-operation, the good sense of the community holds such co-operation to be wholly independent of the vital religious spirit. To speak of Bishop BROOKS as a "dangerous" preacher is to talk nonsense, if the phrase means danger to the essence of religion.

In an old-fashioned country community in which there might be two or three different churches when there should have been but one, it was generally true that the members of each differed more warmly as sectaries than they agreed as Christians. As Christians they could not differ about the essential faith. Their divergence was about non-essential forms or dogmas of faith. The wars and persecutions and burnings and unspeakable crimes against God and man that have been wrought in the name of religion have been disputes of such forms and dogmas. But when TORQUEMADA inquires tenderly for the health of a Jew, the millennium is at hand.

THE NAVAL DRILLS.

THE naval drills in the bay of New York, at Boston, and in Long Island Sound are a preparation in peace for a time of war. Armaments and fortifications and torpedoes are proposed, and an organization of naval militia. Connecticut is vitally interested in the defence of the entrance of Long Island Sound, for a hostile fleet penetrating the Sound would threaten her long water-line. New York has been long exposed to a sudden naval assault, and there has been an uneasy feeling that our general condition of coast defencelessness placed us under onerous bonds to escape fighting at all costs.

There is, nevertheless, a certain absurdity in the strenuous and costly competition among great nations to surpass each other in deadly inventions, and in every form of aggression and defence for possible wars. The ability to maintain an actual conflict is, perhaps, exhausted by the effort to prepare for it. It is, however, a bloodless police system. It may keep the peace of the world at an enormous expense of taxation, but it is perhaps the cheapest way, for it spares men to perform the labor of production, and it permits commerce and industry to proceed unvexed.

The exhortation to the great powers to reduce their armies and to relieve the heavy tax upon their population does not avail. Who will bell the cat? Who will reduce his army first? Who will guarantee the good conduct of the rest? Our remote situation has befriended us in many ways. We can be assailed only by a fleet, but what other naval state could strip itself of its fleet to punish us without anticipating punishment at home from its neighbor? The situation is of the kind that used to stir the satire of SWIFT. But even his satire would not defend the coast of Connecticut.

"HARPER" FOR AUGUST.

"HARPER'S MAGAZINE" for August contains the second part of Mr. HOWELLS's new story, "An Imperative Duty," and the third part of Mr. DU MAURIER's "Peter Ibbetson." The latter is a work which has been awaited with great interest, for the author's reputation as an artist of certain aspects of society suggests that if his hand is as obedient with the pen as with the pencil, the result will be remarkable. Anticipation cannot have been disappointed.

The work thus far is a picture of the life of a French-English youth now become a man. There is something strange—hypnotic, perhaps, or "spiritual"—apparently imminent, but the interest is very genuine. The first part, published in June, is a charming idyl of life in France. It is original, of a fresh humor, full of delicate observation and sympathy, with delightful touches of good-natured satire upon certain things English. The tale thus far is less a story than a series of scenes; but the figures are definite and very suggestive, and there is a mellowness of tone which attests the artist and the habit of careful study.

Mr. HOWELLS will not be accused of delaying to begin in his new story. Already in the second part we are face to face with the substance of the theme, if we must not say plot, and it is a theme peculiarly American and of the profoundest interest. Mr. HOWELLS has already proved his artistic command of his own sympathies, so to speak. As it is evident in reading SCOTT that he was a Tory, so in reading HOWELLS it is plain that he is not. But it is only as in reading MOTLEY it is evident that he is a republican. The novelist is deeply interested in work not only as an artist, but as a man. Critics object to his canons of literary criticism. But in his stories we are concerned not with criticism, but with life. Is it life that he describes? Are these figures puppets or human beings? Is this the actual play of human emotion, passion, character? To such questions there seems to us but one answer. If there be a living story-teller of finer insight or of greater literary skill, we do not know him.

REFORM OF THE SENATE.

MR. WENDELL P. GARRISON contributes an interesting paper on the reform of the Senate to the *Atlantic Monthly*. In the constitutional provision for the election of Senators he finds the root of much of the political mischief which it is now the object of intelligent citizens to correct. The chief function of the State Legislature is the election of Senators of the United States. This necessarily gives to national politics the ascendency in the State, subordinates State and municipal interests to those with which they have no connection, and leads directly to the boss and the machine.

The law of July 25, 1866, regulating the election of Senators confirms the evil tendency in Mr. GARRISON's view, by insuring the machine and boss control of nominations by party pressure and bribery. Mr. BRYCE saw the trouble, and says in his *American Commonwealth* that "every vote in the Senate is so important to the great parties that they are forced to struggle for ascendency in each of the State Legislatures, by whom the Senators are elected." The result, as Mr. GARRISON states it, is that the Senate is "in large measure a medley of millionaires, 'bosses,' and the representatives of selfish interests."

While this condition continues the fittest men for public life will find it extremely difficult to enter upon it, and the remedy proposed by Mr. GARRISON is simple and practicable. It is, in brief, the popular nomination of candidates, resulting in a list of a limited number of persons from which the Legislature shall elect the Senator by ballot. This would make the election so uncertain that the inducements for corruption would practically disappear. The system of such popular nomination was formerly familiar in Connecticut in the election of assistants or councillors; and the Constitution of Nebraska provides for such nominations, but does not require a selection from the list. Whether the requirement would invalidate the constitutional right of the Legislature to choose is a possible question; but, in the somewhat similar case of appointment of minor officers from an eligible list, the Attorney-General held that the discretion of the appointing power could be properly exercised among three or more persons. Mr. GARRISON's paper offers a striking suggestion.

NOTES CONCERNING THE CENSUS CHART

PUBLISHED IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF JULY 18TH.

Insane.—In Massachusetts and other States where the number of insane is shown in the bottom section of block, right-hand side, for "male + female," *read* "in public institutions + in private institutions." *Example:* Massachusetts, 4055 inmates public institutions *plus* 252 inmates private institutions, instead of 4055 males + 252 females. Males *plus* females were shown in original plan of chart, but a revision was made for good reasons notice of such revision being, however, inadvertently omitted in the text.

Minerals and Manufactures.—The minerals and manufactures shown in States represent only what has been officially reported, the figures being given in the table at the bottom left-hand corner. It does not follow, though certain minerals and manufactures are not shown on the chart for a certain State, that such minerals, etc., do not exist there.

PERSONAL.

ARTHUR BRAND, the Liberal, who was recently elected to Parliament from Wisbech, was materially assisted in his campaign by his wife. She is an accomplished musician, and captivated the voters at political meetings by singing songs during the intermissions between the speeches.

—Dr. HENRY T. HELMBOLD, who made over $10,000,000 out of patent medicines, and whose rivalry with JIM FISK in the line of vulgar street display was the talk of the town twenty years ago, has been recently committed to an asylum as incurably insane.

—ROBERT J. BURDETTE, the newspaper man and humorist, fills a pulpit occasionally, and does it with great acceptance.

—Herr VON DONNER, a Hamburg merchant, is so grateful to Dr. MICHELSEN, of Wiesbaden, for the latter's successful treatment of his wife that he has given two million marks for a hospital at Hamburg, the chief physician of which is to be Dr. MICHELSEN.

—The monument to JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, the author of "The Culprit Fay," "When Freedom from her Mountain Height," and other well-known poems, at Hunt's Point, has recently been renovated by the Brownson Literary Union.

—HENRY M. STANLEY fell the other day while climbing mountains in Switzerland, and broke his left ankle-joint. His activity will be checked temporarily by the accident, but serious results are not feared.

—ALONZO STAGG, the famous Yale pitcher, has temporarily given up his theological aspirations to become the physical director in the new Chicago University, which opens in October.

—The Scotch are proverbially generous in their recognition of genius displayed by members of their race, and when a statue of BURNS was unveiled at Ayr the other day, over thirty thousand people helped to make the occasion a notable one.

—A feature of the summer schools at Lake Side, Wisconsin, and Bay View, Michigan, this season has been a woman's council conducted by Mrs. E. P. TERHUNE (Marion Harland) and Mrs. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, the editor of HARPER'S BAZAR. The success of these councils has been so flattering to Mrs. TERHUNE and Mrs. SANGSTER that they have been urged to conduct others, but they cannot spare the time.

—It is proposed to honor the memory of the late JOSEPH LEIDY, the naturalist, by establishing a chair of anatomy at the University of Pennsylvania, where he taught for many years. A fund of $50,000 for a LEIDY memorial museum may also be raised.

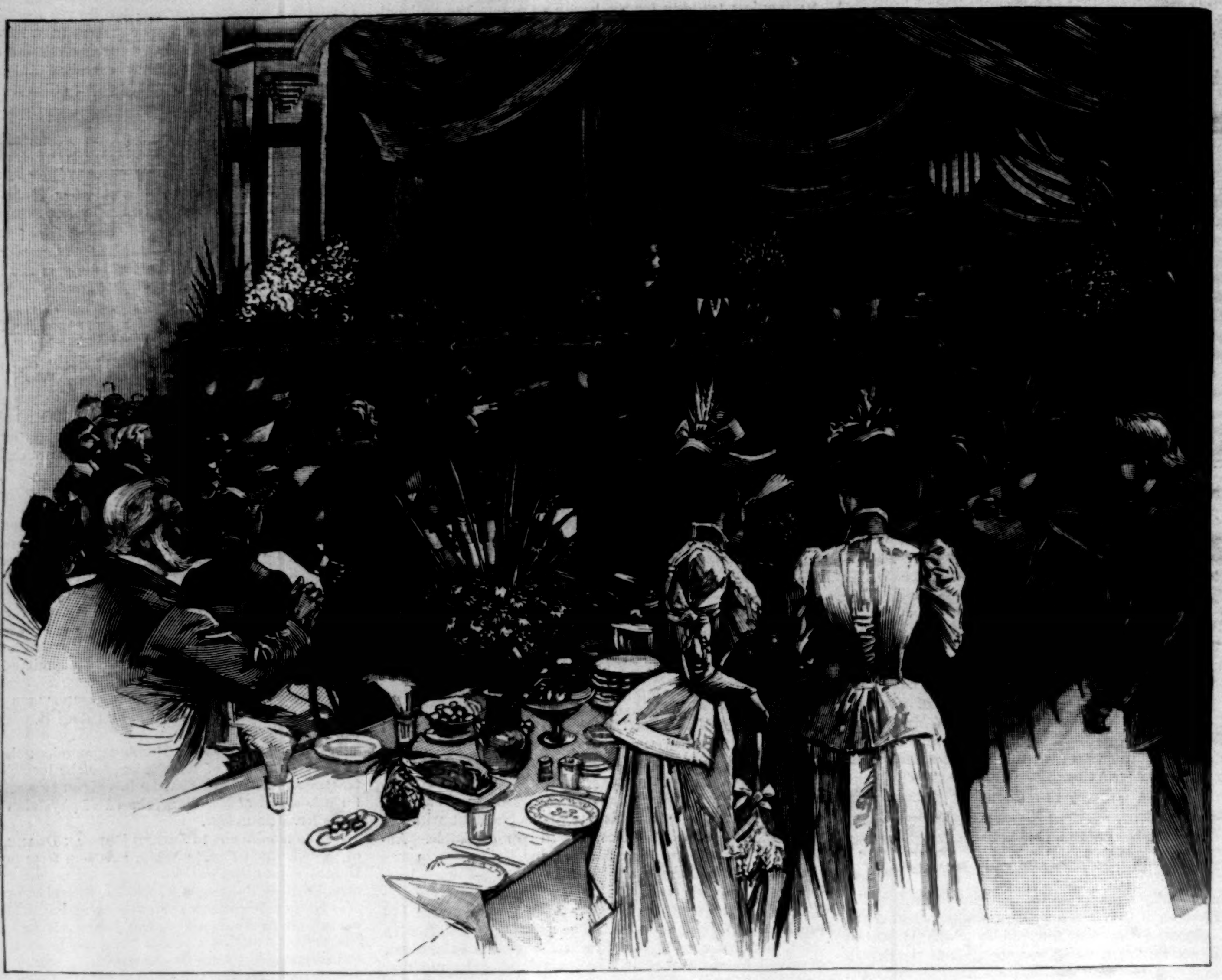
—Emperor WILLIAM has been a continual surprise to the world ever since he came into power. Having demonstrated his strength of mind and purpose in the conduct of German affairs, it only remained for him to prove that he is not the physical weakling which some have represented him to be. This he did during his recent visit to London, by undergoing without apparent fatigue an ordeal of reviews, parades, and receptions that would have upset some men of stronger physique.

—The wife of the late EDWARD BURGESS, the yacht-designer, was a Miss CAROLINE L. SULLIVANT, of Columbus, Ohio. She was descended from an old and aristocratic Virginian family, and was so beautiful a blonde that FAGNANI, the Italian painter, chose her for the model of Erato, the Muse of lyric and amorous poetry, in his well-known picture of the nine Muses.

—Politics does not seem to have agreed with BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON, the novelist, for he has retired from the activities and absorption of a public life to his literary pursuits.

—Rev. Dr. T. DE WITT TALMAGE claims to have broken the record for rapid long-distance travelling by railroad. To meet a recent lecture engagement in Iowa, he was forced to take a special train from Dubuque to Storm Lake, and covered the distance of 254 miles in as many minutes. There were only four persons besides the lecturer on the train, which consisted of the engine and one car, and Dr. TALMAGE says he is not anxious to repeat the experience.

—The burning of his books may be said to confer a distinction on an author when the work of destruction is decreed by the censors of an autocratic government. Consequently Professor LESTER F. WOOD, of the United States Geological Survey, is probably not losing much sleep over the recent cremation of 12,000 copies of a Russian translation of the first volume of his book, *Dynamic Sociology*, by order of the Russian Imperial Council of Ministers. It is a first-class advertisement for the writer, but the publisher loses 3000 rubles by the confiscation.



THE DINNER AT SANDWICH TO NEIGHBOR CLEVELAND.

SOME OF EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S NEIGHBORS.

INCIDENTS OF EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S VISIT TO SANDWICH, CAPE COD.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 598.]

MALONEY'S MASTERPIECE.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

MALONEY was nearing fifty when he married the widow Hotchkiss. "He did it with perfect coolness and deliberation," his friend Rayburn used to say, as if he were speaking of a suicide. But it was only Rayburn who took such a gloomy view of the situation. What could there be gloomy about the possession of a wife who was at once rich, handsome, and good-natured? That is what Maloney used to say to himself in the days when he was deliberating about the matter. This deliberation had gone on for several weeks, when one day Mrs. Hotchkiss brought some friends up to the studio.

Maloney was in corduroys and bedaubed with paint, sitting before a canvas that covered the side of the room. He had fifty struggling horses blocked in on it, and was in a frenzy. He felt himself little short of immortal when he painted horses, for he knew that when a picture-dealer said, "I have one of Maloney's horses here," it conveyed an impression of accuracy to the mind of the possible purchaser even greater than if the dealer had said, "Permit me to show you a horse by the Creator." It was therefore only natural when Maloney was in the midst of fifty magnificent animals, all mad with battle fear, plunging and falling, wild manes atoss and eyes glaring, that he should feel irritated at an interruption. It is also true that there was another reason for disturbance of temper. He had not had quite enough to eat. His funds had run out. Maloney had forgotten to make the proper calculations. He never did think about funds anyway till they were gone. And the widow Hotchkiss looked vexatiously prosperous, as if she had had dinner enough and to spare. The very diamonds in her ears would have kept Maloney in dinners for a year if the price of them had been judiciously doled out to him. Of course Maloney always spent by night all that he had in the morning. He had a genius for that sort of thing, just as he had for painting horses.

Mrs. Hotchkiss and her two friends, to whom she referred as "lady-friends" in a compound sort of way, seated themselves without waiting for an invitation.

"I do run in on you rather unceremoniously, I know," said the widow, conscious of the look of annoyance on the painter's face, "but it is so pleasant to know there is one man living with enough generosity to always look at things in their right light. Besides, this is the only place in town where I can see a picture. There are plenty of other studios, Mr. Maloney, and there is no end of paint more or less injudiciously scattered over many miles of canvas; but, all the same, I am reduced to coming here when I want to see a picture."

The ladies nodded and smiled. They thought Mrs. Hotchkiss so very adroit.

"My 'Battle of Clontarf' is to be here soon," said the artist, almost won out of his ill humor. "That is the one picture, madam, that I shall really take pleasure in showing to you and your friends."

"You must have a reception," cried Mrs. Hotchkiss. "We will have it quite informal and altogether bohemian. I always thought I had a great capacity for being bohemian, but circumstances have forced me to be very commercial."

"You might not have succeeded as a bohemian, you know," said one of the lady friends. "And just think how you have succeeded as a woman of business!"

"Hush, my dear!" cried the widow, holding up a warning finger. "Whatever you do, do not mention money or anything that pertains to it here. I always feel that it is a sort of profanation." She was laughing, and Maloney could not tell to how great an extent she was earnest. "I think myself that genius ought to be protected from all anxieties of a money sort. If I were a genius, I should think the Muses owed me a living."

"You couldn't find a tailor or a boarding-house keeper within a radius of fifty thousand miles to agree with you," cried Maloney, gayly.

"No," returned the widow; "I suppose not. They are such literal creatures. But speaking of boarding-house keepers reminds me that I came up to ask you to dinner to-night. You shall be alone or not, just as you like; you shall talk or not, as you please; but you must come."

For a moment the artist regarded her with anger and suspicion. Was it possible that she suspected his hunger? He was on the point of flatly refusing, when he came to the conclusion that his suspicions were absurd.

"I will come," he said, gravely; "and I would like to bring Rayburn with me. I have a particular reason for wishing him to meet you." He looked at her meaningly. She looked flattered, as she was bound to do, and lifted her eye-glass to give his picture one parting glance.

"It is thrilling," she said, softly, pointing to the canvas. "I can almost hear those poor brutes cry out with fear. It must be almost a pain to be able to paint like that. We commonplace folk are saved a deal of torment, Mr. Maloney." It was a delicate compliment, and in the glow of it Maloney accompanied his visitors to the elevator.

Two hours later found Maloney in a long dark rathskeller, reeking with the smell of beer and tobacco. The floor was covered with dirty sawdust, and from the ceiling waved innumerable fly-specked paper ornaments. Four young men, conspicuously white-aproned, with pallid faces, perspired over their orders for "steins" and "tulips" and "schooners." Maloney, with the step of one familiar with the place, pushed his way to the rear end. There, at one of the tables, was the group he expected to find—a group made of ill-assorted men. There were politicians there, and men who were almost gentlemen; men, too, who never threatened, even remotely, to be gentlemen; some who looked as if they never walked forth except at night; some with the inimitable swagger of the gamester; and one or two who merely looked like bohemians. They were all listening to the dogmatic tones of a man of thirty-five or less, who harangued them with an emphasis that was meat to their excitement.

"I tell you," the man was saying, "if Fitzgerald allows himself to be nominated on that sore-head ticket, the Sixth Ward won't be large enough to hold us both. You know what Fitzgerald was, boys. A sot! Black with his own mud, wasn't he? You know who taught him how to get up and walk erect and look God in the face. I gave him honest work. It was the first he ever had. I told you to put him in the Council, and you did it. We kept him there for two terms. And when he hadn't wit enough to know what to do, he knew mighty well where to come for it. I've kept him on the small-change of my ideas—it was the only change of any kind I had. And now he is willing to accept this mugwump nomination because he lost the regular convention through his own pig-headedness!"

As he ceased talking he took off his soft felt hat and tossed back the hair from his forehead with a feverish gesture. His eyes were hot and angry, quick as rapiers, and cruel; his mouth delicate and refined—a continual protest against the fierceness of his words.

Maloney stood listening to this with some amusement. When his friend had reached a period, he motioned to him. The young man got up and left his companions without apology, and mechanically made his way to the bar, and waited for the blue and white "steins," which one of the pallid young men set down without question.

"I should think you *would* be thirsty," said Maloney, snapping down the lid of his jug. "Why don't you get out of this?"

The other frowned at him from under his brows. "There's only one other place where I'm welcome," he retorted; "and it's hot there, they say."

Maloney laughed easily. "I've brought you an invitation for dinner, Rayburn. It's from a lady that—that I'm interested in."

"Eat with a woman? I've already been eaten by one. I thought they were all cannibals; and so they are, old man. Don't sit down at a feast that is certain to be made off your own bones."

"I say!" cried Maloney, impatiently, "I am tired of having you always spectacular, Rayburn. Here's a widow without any brains to speak of and a good deal of money who wants me to take dinner with her. She likes my pictures. I swear I think she does not particularly object to the artist who paints them. And I want you to see her, Rayburn."

Rayburn looked at his friend and laughed whimsically. "It's no use your trying to appear mercenary. You can't do it."

"Don't flatter me, Rayburn. I'm pretty tired of stopping every time I get a fine subject under way to paint a vile portrait for somebody, only to keep myself in a crust."

"Well, you do paint portraits vilely," the other confessed. "I wish myself that you were placed beyond the need of it."

"I didn't mean exactly that," said the artist, with the unconcealed pique of a child.

"Of course not," said his friend. "I was just keeping in mind your instruction not to flatter you."

So entertained was Rayburn at the manner in which he succeeded in keeping his friend miserable, that before he realized it the artist had got him up to his room and in the midst of a toilet, and a little later both of the men were listening to the vivacious remarks of Mrs. Hotchkiss. The dinner was perfect—the very sort of a one that two men with rather jaded palates would be sure to enjoy.

"I never offer flim-flams to gentlemen," said Mrs. Hotchkiss. "When I am to have ladies to luncheon, I say to my cook, 'Give me flim-flams.' And she does. She makes them perfectly. They are generally pink or yellow. Some-

times they are frozen. Sometimes they are hot. But they are all a delusion and a snare. But when I have gentlemen—"

"You provide a feast fit for the gods," interrupted Maloney.

But Mrs. Hotchkiss was anxious to talk about art—Maloney pronounced it "airt."

"Art must have elbow-room," said she, as she deftly carved a duck of dark tint and perfume rank, which filled the two guests with epicurean anticipations. "You can't expect it to grow beyond the dimensions of the place in which it is confined. The thing is an obvious impossibility. Take a thousand petty worries and make four square walls out of them, and place art inside, and there isn't much to be expected. Freedom from responsibility is the first thing necessary to a successful artist. If I," she paused to help herself to jelly, and to smile above the quivering crimson mould—"if I owned a genius, do you know what I would do? I would say: 'I will break down your barriers. I will tear down the walls that hem you in. Now grow! It will be my reward to watch you.' But I do not own a genius—"

"There's your cook," interrupted Rayburn.

"I stand corrected," acknowledged Mrs. Hotchkiss. "But you know we never appreciate the blessings we have."

"You are mistaken," said Maloney, with a bow of Hibernian urbanity, as he sipped his claret. "There are various blessings that we appreciate in the very enjoyment of them."

Mrs. Hotchkiss motioned to the servant to refill Maloney's glass. The poor artist was in a maze. There was no mistaking the significance of the smiles which his hostess bestowed on him. These covert assurances, too, of a willingness to be the humble waiting-maid of "airt" touched Maloney inexpressibly. But Rayburn was sceptical.

When the evening was over, and the two men were out together on the street, Rayburn broke in: "So you are going to commit bigamy?"

"Eh?" said Maloney. "What are you talking about?"

"Well, you're already married," insisted Rayburn. "You know you are. Art has owned you body and soul these many years; and it is a good many, too, Maloney. No new mistress would suit you so well. For the matter of that, I don't know that any other mistress would be able to get along with you. You're not an easy subject, my boy."

"Thank you," said Maloney, resentfully.

"Oh, you're not! You've ideas—a thing a man has no business with when he is married. And you would find them a superfluity anyway if you were so rash as to unite your fortunes with those of the lady we have just left. She would have all the ideas that were required in the establishment."

"I don't see what you have against her," said Maloney, sullenly. "I should think you might wait till you have the taste of her meat and drink out of your mouth before you fall to abusing her."

"I haven't said a word against her," protested Rayburn, rather hotly. "I think well of her—as a money-lender. That is her occupation, you know, and it seems a profitable one. I should think any occupation would be desirable that procured one a cook like that."

"I suppose she did the only thing she could turn her hand to," ventured Maloney.

"I suppose she did indeed," admitted Rayburn. "The poor helpless creature could find no way of getting on in the unfeeling world, so she took to mortgaging homes, and—"

"That's all nonsense!" cried Maloney, angrily. "You don't know anything about it, and you have no right to look down on her business just because she is a woman. If she were a man, you would call her a broker with manifest respect in your tone."

"Oh, very well; it doesn't concern me!" Rayburn stopped to light his cigar afresh under a gas lamp. Then, suddenly, he turned to his friend and laid a nervous hand on his arm. "That's a lie!" he said. "It does matter to me. Even if you were no more to me personally than these human terriers barking at my heels, who go around with me in a noisy pack from morning till night, I should care, because I do not want to see genius killed. On the whole, I am indifferent to the progress of the world. Indeed, I never saw much of it. But genius is the life of life, and I put out my hand to preserve it from destruction as instinctively as I would knock a centipede from your shoulder if I saw one crouched there." He suited action to the word, dramatically. The artist did not answer. He was under the spell of his friend's magnetic and egotistic personality.

"And I care for another reason, Maloney; I care for love's sake. I know you are as incapable of love as you are of treachery. If you had ever dreamed what it was, you could not contemplate for a moment the idea of taking a woman into the secrets of your life until her soul stood out before the eyes of your understanding like a flaming star in mid-heaven. Love, Maloney, is a thing that filters into the heart like the rain into the thirsty earth, and where it falls there grow up wholesome and beautiful things, and the earth is clothed with greenness. If a blight comes, the spot remains barren for evermore. Mind that, Maloney. In the earth it is different; where the oak dies, the pine springs up. But in the heart—"

A policeman passed, and involuntarily paused at sound of Rayburn's impassioned tones.

"Hollo!" Rayburn cried; "it's Tim Murphy. I say, Murphy, I've got some juicy news for you. They say Jansen has got in among the boys up at the Seventh, and made them pledge to support—"

Maloney heard no more. He broke away and hastened down the street. When he got in the midst of that consummate distraction which he was pleased to call his studio, he tore off his coat, and, lighting every gas jet in the room, sat down before his plunging war-horses.

Rayburn and his jeers were far away. The artist was alone, and he looked at the tremendous pictured strength before him on the canvas, where half a hundred splendid creatures vented their nurtured force in that deathward plunge, till he felt himself quivering in every limb.

Possessed of a little money, he could dare to paint like that every day. It was a luxury to dream of and not be ashamed. To work uninterruptedly at such a subject as that, his tragic ideas unbroken with any pettiness, the sieve of necessity well stopped up, and his finest thoughts no longer percolating through it to be lost like spilled water, his solitude insured, the days yielding to the weeks of unbroken effort; it would be worth—it would be worth marrying for even.

Two months later Rayburn met Mrs. Hotchkiss in Maloney's studio. He bowed to her, and then sniffed the air impatiently.

"It looks like a millinery shop here," said he to Maloney, who rushed forward and shook him by the hand. "What have you been doing to the place?"

"Been making it habitable," said Maloney. "Your idea of comfort, Rayburn, is a beer table before a fly-specked mirror, and sawdust on the floor. I think myself this looks like living."

There were muslin curtains up at the windows, and affected bits of velvet thrown around over easels to catch the light, as the widow said—as if the light were some wild animal that was snared with difficulty and retained with peril. The floor had rugs on it—rugs of American manufacture that must have set Maloney's teeth on edge, and some badly carved things, for which there seemed to be no particular use, cluttered up the apartment. Mrs. Hotchkiss seated herself on one of these.

"Yes," she said, complaisantly, smiling at Maloney; "I have always had my idea of what a studio ought to be, but I never dreamed that I should have an opportunity of fitting one up, or, indeed, that I should ever take such a deep personal interest in one."

Rayburn seated himself disdainfully in a wicker chair which was run through with old-rose ribbons. "Just the thing for a battle painter, I should think," said he.

"My picture is all ready for exhibition," interrupted Maloney, who, if he was a battle painter, did not like a fray between live combatants in his studio; "it is in the next room."

Rayburn noticed that he cast an imploring glance at Mrs. Hotchkiss as he lifted back the curtain that covered the great canvas. It was apparent that he was most anxious that she should think well of it. He must have been exceedingly gratified, for a gleam of pleasure shot into her eyes.

"It is very impressive!" she cried. "I was prepared for something magnificent in a way, but really I did not expect anything so—so really—grand."

Rayburn was staring at it fixedly. "God!" he cried, setting his teeth. "It makes me want to die, Maloney. Damn it, yes, Maloney, die like a hero!"

Mrs. Hotchkiss looked very much shocked. "It is a great picture," she acquiesced. "And I'm sure I'm as proud of it as if I had painted it myself."

Rayburn looked at the widow a moment, caught the smile she fixed on the gratified painter, and walked out. The first thing he heard on the street was a rumor that the widow had paid all of Maloney's debts.

"Curse it!" said he to himself. "It's all right. It's a business transaction in cold blood. I've no call to feel any sympathy for Maloney. I dare say he's driving his part of the bargain."

The municipal elections came on after this, and Rayburn gave no thought to his artist friend. Periodically, this singular man got drunk on ward politics. A scholar, a man of fitful and fiery eloquence, of irresistible magnetism, of manifest ability in a dozen different directions, he chose to consort at times with the coarsest, the most noisy, and useless characters. Over them he asserted a sort of contemptuous leadership, from which he seemed to derive no satisfaction. They, on the other hand, were his enthusiastic followers, and some of them, under the inspiration of his emphatic harangues, really imagined that they were good and disinterested men, who in some way not quite clear to themselves were suffering for the good of their country, and were ready to die for her liberation, though what she was to be liberated from they never paused to inquire.

"I'll tell you what is the matter with me," said Rayburn once, in one of those bursts of candor frequently produced in him by the generous use of well-selected liquor. "Some time I had an ancestor who was a martyr. Perhaps he was a refugee from his country. Perhaps he was hanged for some sort of patriotic revolt. Perhaps he was a lofty sort of anarchist, and fought for the people against the laws. At any rate, he bequeathed his courage and his fierceness to me. And the funny part of it is that I don't know what to do with them. I have never been hungry nor oppressed. The country seems to be doing the best it can. I haven't found anything that I wanted to die for. But I make just as much fuss as if I had."

The elections did not go to suit Rayburn this year, and the murky gloom of his utterances, added to the vinous depression of his followers, threw over them an opaque curtain of blackness, through which they were able to see no gleam of hope for the nation. That was how it came about that Rayburn did not know that every one was talking about the "Battle of Clontarf," the masterpiece of Maloney, the distinguished battle painter. Maloney was not personally well known in town. He had been a sojourner in many cities, and was in all of them best known in resorts of a bohemian character. Excepting Rayburn, it may be said that in the whole city he had no intimate. His work, however, had years before become national property through the illustrated magazines—in those dim and disastrous days when a battle painter found more than enough for his brush to do. Since then a dozen Indian episodes had given his sketching pencil occupation, and the plainsmen knew that there was a man who could draw a broncho in the white light of the alkali deserts, and an Indian beragged with blankets, as well as he could a Kentucky thorough-bred in the smoke of battle, with a dying patriot clinging to his neck.

Thus it came about that the announcement that the "Battle of Clontarf" was on exhibition filled the hall where the picture hung with fair-sized crowds every day of the week, including Sundays. To be sure five-sixths of the folk who visited the gallery had very misty ideas of the battle of Clontarf and who fought in it. But it was Maloney's masterpiece, and the American public, which wants a chance to see the best of everything, went to look at it.

Rayburn went too, but not to see the picture. He wondered what had become of his friend. He had not responded in any way to the cards announcing the wedding; they had not included an invitation. The hall in which the picture hung was imposing, and at the door sat Mrs. Maloney, dressed in a costume of Parisian elegance, taking the admittance fees.

"What's the admission?" said Rayburn, stopping before her, and not taking the trouble to lift his hat.

Mrs. Maloney looked up. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Rayburn. There is no admission for you, of course. Go right in."

Some one passed in just then, and deposited fifty cents on the table. Rayburn laid down the same amount and entered. At the end of the hall hung the great picture, and before it stood a group of twenty persons, trying to get out of the comfortable atmosphere of their commonplace peacefulness and prosperity sufficiently to sympathize with men in the thick of patriotic murder. Rayburn swept his eye over the apartment. In a corner, half concealed behind a screen, sat Maloney. Rayburn went to him, and the artist grasped his hand silently.

"Sh-h!" whispered Maloney, looking around anxiously. "I don't want to be known here. I am not on exhibition with the picture, you know."

Just then a gentleman left the group before the picture, and walked to where Mrs. Maloney was sitting.

"Madam," he said, "where is the author of this remarkable picture?" Maloney shrank back behind the screen. "He is in this city?"

"Yes."

"But not in the room? Where can I see him?"

"He has a studio. You can see him there. I am at liberty to make an appointment for you if you choose."

"Well," said the gentleman, hesitatingly, "I don't know that I have any legitimate reason for requesting a meeting. I'd like to meet him, but it is more from a personal desire to make the acquaintance of a man who can paint like that than for anything else. Still, there are other reasons, too, why I should like to see him. I come from California. We are building a picture-gallery there for the public, and we intend to put some fine pictures in it. For what price do you suppose that picture could be obtained?"

The artist grabbed Rayburn's arm, and leaned forward to hear the answer.

"He has already been offered thirty thousand dollars for it, for a gallery at Washington, and refused it."

"And how long did I understand that it took him to paint it?"

"Five years, I think."

"Seven—seven!" whispered Maloney to his friend. "It took me seven years, Rayburn, and I starved while I was doing it."

"The price seems high," said the man. "Not for the picture, you know; but I mean it seems more than we ought to pay for one picture."

"It would be a very fine foundation for a collection, in my opinion," went on Mrs. Maloney. "In a public gallery I think one large canvas like this is needed to fill up. And it attracts the public. The public likes size; don't you think so?"

Maloney turned appealing eyes to Rayburn.

"Come out and have a drink," said Rayburn. It was the only consolation he could think of offering on the spur of the moment.

"I haven't had a drink for two months," said Maloney, with a melancholy intonation. "I don't drink now."

"What, you!" cried Rayburn, regardless of consequences—"you, who knew better than any one else just how much sugar to drop in a steaming glass! You, who distilled a subtle inspiration from the aroma of your toddy, and converted it into visible eloquence like that over there on the canvas! I dare say the 'Battle of Clontarf' is solidified hot toddies; isn't it, Maloney?"

Maloney nodded with one of his old smiles.

"And you've given up your glass! Well, well! Perhaps I was mistaken. I believe you must be in love, after all, old man."

Maloney did not answer. "I'll go out and take a drink of soda-water with you," said he.

Rayburn acquiesced, and followed in a daze. Maloney drinking soda-water! Rayburn felt as if he had seen Ed Jansen, the boss of the Seventh Ward, join a sewing society.

Maloney shivered as the soda-water went over his throat. "It looks pretty cheap, doesn't it?" said he.

"What—the soda-water? It certainly comes cheaper than good whiskey, if that's what you mean."

"No. Confound you, Rayburn! The running the picture this way—in opposition to the dime museum, you may say. I couldn't hold up my head again if any of the boys I used to paint with back in New York should come along. You don't appreciate it, I suppose, Rayburn. You naturally wouldn't be up in the ethics of our profession. I'm doing something that is considered the last resort of the snide artist, and doing it, man, with the 'Battle of Clontarf'!"

"Oh, I understand," said Rayburn. "I'm not so dull as you think me. But if you hate it so, what makes you do it?"

"What makes me do it? It's very simple. It's a point of honor. I'm horribly in debt. I must have money."

"Horribly in debt! I thought Mrs. Maloney paid your debts," blurted out Rayburn.

The artist turned scarlet. "So she did. It's to her I owe the money. I told her she could do what she liked with the picture."

"Did—you—tell—her—that—of—your—own—accord?" asked Rayburn, slowly.

"No, no. The position was peculiar, you see—"

"Oh!" interrupted the other. "You mean she made that arrangement with you before she paid your debts?"

"Well, yes; naturally she wanted to know where her hard-earned money was going to, Rayburn."

"Of course she did! She made the arrangement in writing, eh? The arrangement has even had witnesses. It's what you call a mortgage, isn't it? Well, I must say you are a bigger fool even than I took you for. But I haven't a particle of sympathy for you. You walked into the slough with your eyes open. But if you want money, why don't you finish the picture you were working on? I thought you were to have leisure to finish that."

"Well, you see, it would take two years. Mrs. Maloney never supposed it would take so long. When she found that out, she hesitated about advancing the money for our living expenses. She made calculations, and showed them to me. Considering that the sale of the picture would be doubtful after it is finished, I think very likely she was right in refusing. So I have taken to painting portraits again. It brings in money quicker than anything else."

"Well, you'll never paint mine," cried his companion, fiercely. "Not if it was to keep you from starving. Your portraits would make a cat bite herself, Maloney, and you know it."

"There's a good deal of truth in that," admitted the artist, feebly.

"Then don't you think enough of art to refrain?" cried the other. "Art, which has clothed and fed your soul, been your earth and your heaven, shown you wonders of which few men dream, made you what you are, Maloney—one of the modern immortals. Does it deserve nothing better at your hands than this prostitution? You have given up finishing your picture, you say. Then you mean you have given up your ambitions, resigned your dreams. You are going to be a gatherer of dirty pence. You are going to collect coin for the better filling of your stomach and the better clothing of your back. You are going to turn into a self-indulgent animal who thinks of the thickness of his coats and the texture of them, and crams his body with horrid stuffs to hasten his inevitable decay. And for what—for what, Maloney? Is it for love? Is that what love does to a man?"

"Love!" gasped Maloney, setting down the glass which had contained the tinted soda-water. "Love! My God, Rayburn! what have I to do with love?"

"Sure enough. What have you?" returned Rayburn, cruelly. "What have you ever done that you should be rewarded with the sweetness of a woman's devotion? For whom have you ever made sacrifices that you should expect sacrifice in return? Whose responsi-

bilities have you assumed? Whose burdens have you carried? What part of the race-making have you had anything to do with? There rises to heaven continually, Maloney, from these million homes of earth the incense of sanctified love. It is made up of all that is best and most unselfish in the human heart. It is sweet to the nostrils of the angels. But of this you know nothing, and have tried to find out nothing. You have lived for another mistress; you have lived for art. You remember I told you long ago if you ever married, you would be committing bigamy. I suppose you thought I was trying to say something epigrammatic. You were mistaken. I was trying to tell you the truth."

"I don't see what all this is for," said the artist, querulously.

"Don't you?" exclaimed the other, towering over him and darting out impassioned gleams from those wonderful eyes of his. "I am saying that if you have been despoiled of something, it is your own fault; for the mercy is that you have not been the despoiler. You might have been the criminal. Fate has protected you, and you are only the victim. You are complaining because a woman has got the better of you. If she had been cursed with a heart and a sensibility, you would have got the better of her. What could you give to a woman? Nothing but a name, and women don't like husks any more than pigs do, though, like pigs, they sometimes eat them. That's all. Summon your philosophy. I admit that you need it."

He left the artist abruptly and rushed back to the hall, where Mrs. Maloney still sat at the door, smilingly taking in silver half-dollars.

"I've come back, madam," said he, leaning over the table and whispering in her very ear, "to tell you, for your own sake, as well as for the sake of your husband, to beware! I don't think you've very much tact, and you may make a mistake. You have to be cautious in dealing with a man when he is at once an artist, a gentleman, and an Irishman. It's a combustible combination. Remember that." He frowned at her from under his forehead of unkempt hair, and went out, leaving the lady naturally indignant, and, to tell the truth, honestly amazed.

Two months later Rayburn read the following in the leading local paper:

"The great historical canvas which has been on exhibition at Fairbank's Hall for the last two months, 'The Battle of Clontarf,' known throughout the country as the masterpiece of John Maloney, the great battle painter, was found this morning cut in a thousand pieces by the knife of some iconoclast. Not the body of a horse, not the form of a warrior, was left intact. It would have been impossible to tell what the subject of the picture had been by an examination of these scraps. The artist cannot be found anywhere. His wife was seen, but knows nothing of his whereabouts. She said the picture was about to be taken to Denver, to be placed in the palatial parlors of a well-known barber there, and had brought the sum of $35,000 in cash. It is said this barber has his floor paved with silver dollars, and walls of Mexican onyx."

Rayburn threw down the paper with a shout of excitement. "It was all for 'airt,' John Maloney," he cried. "It was all for 'airt!' You have been true to your first love!"

THE ROOF GARDEN AT MINNEAPOLIS.

A CHARMING innovation of recent years is the summer roof garden, which, as the name implies, is a garden situated upon the roof of a popular place of amusement or large business block, and is used as an evening resort by people who find it inconvenient to remain away from their business interests at a season when it is more comfortable to be at the sea-shore or in the mountains. The idea of the roof garden was suggested to the mind of American caterers to public amusements by an old-time German institution—the beer-garden. The summer garden as the Germans knew it was improved upon by enterprising Americans, who extended their commercial advantages by developing the novel method of elevating them a few hundred feet. This improvement upon the original is purely American, and in its new form has become a very popular institution in the amusement world. The idea of situating a garden upon a house-top, when introduced into this country was so unique as to at once catch the public fancy.

In Mr. Rogers's admirable sketch the roof garden at Minneapolis, Minnesota, is shown, which gives an excellent idea of the appearance of roof gardens in general. The subject of the picture occupies the top of the Guaranty Loan Building, a magnificent twelve-story structure, Romanesque in its architectural detail, and regarded as one of the most imposing buildings in that thriving Northwestern city. The building itself was completed in May of last year, and the garden upon its roof was opened a few weeks later. From this delightful and refreshing spot, two hundred feet above the ceaseless traffic of the streets, an excellent view of the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul (eight miles away), with their picturesque environments, is obtained, and the garden has already become a favorite resort for visitors. In the centre of the roof is the skylight, situated directly over the main corridor of the building. Around this skylight is arranged a system of flower-beds, in which can be seen in season every flower and plant that thrives well in the Minnesota climate, tastefully placed at intervals along the outside wall or guard-rail, in a variety of designs. At the intersecting corner of the building, which is approached by an entrance from the garden, is a tower rising thirty feet above the roof, which commands an instructive bird's-eye view of the country for many miles on either side. Gravelled walks wind their sinuous ways among the brilliant foliage and plants of the garden proper, and rustic tables and seats are strewn about for the accommodation of guests. Light refreshments are sold and served from the twelfth story, which is exclusively used as a ladies' and gentlemen's café and billiard-room. During the summer months a nightly concert is provided, and attended in great numbers by the best people of Minneapolis and St. Paul, whose liberal patronage has made this garden such a great and distinguished success that it has already taken its place as one of the most important points of interest in a city that promises to be one of the greatest in this country.

MAJOR RANDALL'S DUEL.

A YARN OF THE NAVY.

BY COMMANDER ROCKWELL, U. S. N.

THE flag-ship *Martingale*, of the South Atlantic Squadron, was moored in the beautiful harbor of Rio Janeiro. The flag of Rear-Admiral Sansompost flew from the mizzen-truck. The war between Brazil and Paraguay was progressing slowly, but as it affected many interests of foreigners domiciled in both countries, a large number of war ships were on the South American coast, and the metropolis of Brazil was gay with uniforms and the constant festivities consequent upon the presence of so many strangers.

The days of duelling were past. The larger courtesy consequent upon better education, and a more careful regard for personal rights, had practically condemned it, and the naval and military regulations of all nations threatened severe penalties for its exercise.

The night was calm, dark, and starless, and the *Martingale* lay listlessly at her anchors off the plaza landing.

The officer of the deck lounged over the capstan, and thought of home, and longed for his uninteresting watch to be over. The band had ceased its evening concert, and had been dismissed. The charming strains of the old-time "tattoo" with fifes and drums had died away. "Two bells" had been struck, and the boatswain and his mates had "piped down." Lights had been reported out, and a perfect stillness succeeded the stir made by four hundred men, who had retired to their hammocks.

"Boat ahoy!" sang out the quartermaster. "Boat coming alongside, sir; can't make out the answer." The messenger-boy, with a lantern, flew over the gangway and down the ladder, and soon a brisk dapper little man came on board, and presented himself to the officer of the deck, with a graceful salute.

"Sir," said he, "permit me to introduce myself. I am Baron Knockoff, of the Russian legation, and I have had a personal difficulty with a Brazilian gentleman on shore. I am going to shoot him in the morning. We have no Russian ship in port, and relying upon the friendship that exists between our nation and the United States, I have come on board to ask one of your officers to act as my second. Is Major Randall on board?"

The officer of the deck woke up in an instant. Here was some mischief out of the common line, and he could scent some fun in the air that would relieve the tedium of his watch with a vengeance.

Grasping the baron by the hand, he shook it warmly, delivered a brief address to him reciprocating his friendly sentiments, and assured him that he had come to the right place and at the right time to get accommodated. Unfortunately the gallant major of marines was on shore, but might return at any moment. Something must be done to keep the baron amused for the present, so the officer of the deck sang out,

"Orderly, ask the captain if I can see him."

Captain Tompion had eaten an excellent dinner. The better part of three bottles of claret had disappeared down his throat, and he was at peace with all the world. He belonged to the fighting men of the "Old Navy," and any hint of a fight was music to his ears. To him appeared the officer of the deck, with the little baron in tow.

"Sir," said he, "I have great pleasure in introducing to you Baron Knockoff, of the Russian diplomatic service. He has had a personal difficulty with a Brazilian on shore, and as there are no Russian officers here, he has come on board to ask one of ours to act as his second. I have assured him of our sympathy and assistance, and he desires to consult with you, and await the return of Major Randall, who is on shore."

Captain Tompion was on fire in an instant. Shaking the baron warmly by the hand, he sang out: "Steward, a bottle of champagne. Baron, be seated. Orderly, call the first lieutenant, and tell him that I wish to see him. Going to shoot him in the morning, eh, baron? Bless my soul, this seems like old times indeed! Stand by you? Of course we will, my boy. Have another glass of wine. Steward, cigars."

Lieutenant Lawrence, the first lieutenant, came up the hatch—tall, stern, erect as a soldier—and passed into the cabin. The popping of corks ensued, and the conference began.

The officer of the deck caught a stray messmate, and sent him to the wardroom with the story, and soon an interested group gathered on the quarter-deck, eagerly awaiting developments.

"Such punishment as a court martial may adjudge may be inflicted on any person in the navy who sends or accepts a challenge to fight a duel, or acts as a second in a duel."

This is the language of the articles of war which were framed to regulate the conduct of these gallant officers who were aiding and abetting the baron.

The officer of the deck was summoned to the conference. During the continued use of champagne it was determined that it was a solemn moral duty to stand by the baron, and another bottle was opened. Still the missing major came not. Time was passing. Something must be done, so Lieutenant McKillen was sent for.

After being introduced to the baron and hearing the case, the captain informed the lieutenant that our honor was at stake, and that he would have the high privilege of acting as the baron's second, when, just at this juncture, Major Randall came on board.

With a flower in his button-hole, his coat thrown back from his ample chest, humming a popular air from *La Grande Duchesse*, and apparently at peace with all the world, the gallant fleet marine officer stepped from the outer darkness upon the quarter-deck. He was probably the most peaceful warrior in the world at that time. Correct in habits, mild and gentle in demeanor, with a profound respect for regulations, and a great care not to break them, he seemed to be the last person in the world to assist in a duel.

Upon him pounced the officer of the deck. "Major," said he, "prepare your mind for something very serious. You will require all your fortitude for a painful and trying duty; one that you must perform for the honor and credit of the flag, and of the uniform you wear;" and before the astonished soldier could utter a word, the deck officer rushed him into the cabin.

"Oh, major, you are just in time. You have just come very near to losing a chance to distinguish yourself in a serious matter. Have a glass of wine."

So spoke Captain Tompion, while the baron shook him effusively by the hand.

The matter in question was explained to the major, while the captain and the first lieutenant impressed upon him his duty in the case. Lieutenant McKillen, who was now out of the fight, took great pleasure in helping the major with friendly advice, while the steward opened another bottle of champagne.

What passed through the pacific mind of the soldier no one knew at that time. If he mentally beheld a vision of a gory field of battle, with one or possibly both combatants stretched upon the grass wounded or dead, if he thought of his own arrest and trial before a court martial, he gave no sign of his feelings. On the contrary, like one waking from a sleep, he suddenly exclaimed, "Baron, I will act for you in this case with much pleasure. I am quite at your service;" and after each had shaken him solemnly by the hand, they all took a drink.

It was getting late. The major, saying nothing to any one, carefully arrayed himself in his best uniform coat, and accompanied the baron on shore.

The next morning an intense but quiet excitement pervaded the after-part of the ship. In low voices the officers discussed the matter in all its bearings. Had the duel come off, and the major secreted himself until he could evade the authorities on shore, and escape to the ship? Had the combatants gone a long distance into the country, and not yet returned? Such queries were discussed *pro* and *con*, and still no major came. Breakfast passed. Quarters, and no major. Lunch, and he was still absent. Every boat was scanned for a sight of his stalwart form and genial face. At last it was resolved to send a delegation on shore to look him up, when just as they were about to start, a boat came alongside, and the major stepped on deck.

His countenance was solemn, almost stolid in its expression. His coat was buttoned up awry, and was unbrushed. His usually resplendent shoes were unpolished, but drawing his form to its full height he saluted the officer of the deck in a military manner, and deliberately said, "Sir, I have returned aboard." Making a half face to the left, he proceeded to the hatch and carefully went below.

His expectant messmates were in the wardroom in force to hear the news. Whether he was the bearer of tragic words, or whether of cheerful ones, was the question. The hero seated himself at the table, and all gathered around.

After a moment of silence, the major spoke as follows: "If any of you fellows want to fight a duel, call on me to act for you. I can do it right every time."

"How was it, major?"

"How did it come out?"

"What did you do?"

Such questions came in fast. The major pulled himself together, called for a glass of water, and said: "Sit down, gentlemen, and I will tell you all about it.

"Messmates," he began, "judging from my dilapidated appearance and my somewhat interrupted speech, you may imagine that I am the victim of grief, or of a hurried flight from a tragic scene. I beg to assure you that it is not so. There is nothing the matter with me but conviviality, and that of the strangest kind. I hereby renew my offer to act as a second in any further duels that may come our way;" and the major leaned back in his chair and patted his swelling breast approvingly.

"I need not tell you, gentlemen, that when I started ashore last night with the baron I could not see my way out of what promised to be a very serious scrape. After reaching the baron's room, over a bottle of champagne, he gave me his case. It seems that at a ball the previous evening, the Brazilian gentleman spoken of by the baron had given him offence by something that he had said, and the baron was determined to demand satisfaction. He was ready to fight at daylight with either sword or pistol. I at once demanded that my principal should put himself unreservedly into my hands, and be governed by any arrangements that I should make. Fortunately, I knew the Brazilian well, and as the baron insisted on haste in the matter, I proceeded at once on my mission, although it was after midnight.

"I assumed a severe expression of countenance, and summoned the Brazilian to a conference from his bed. He received me very courteously, but expressed some surprise at so late a call.

"I said, 'My dear sir, you have given great offence to my friend, Baron Knockoff, and he has desired me to demand satisfaction of you.'

"The gentleman was greatly surprised, and said that he knew the baron very well, and regarded him as one of his friends, and was utterly unconscious of giving him offence at the time mentioned, and that the baron was mistaken. He said that he had no desire to fight without cause, and that in this case he saw no cause.

"I thought this was a good time to get in a bluff. I can only say that it did not work. I said, with a frown, 'Am I to understand that you refuse to meet my friend?'

"The result was not just what I anticipated. The Brazilian gentleman jumped up and said,

"'You can tell Baron Knockoff that I shall shoot the top of his head off, if he gives me just cause, and that I won't stand any nonsense about it either.'

"Boys, I came near falling off my chair, and it took about half an hour to pacify the fellow. At last he cooled off and opened a small bottle.

"After some talk, he said he did not know where to look for a second at that time of the night, and at last he asked my advice in the matter.

"'You are a military man,' said he, 'and are accustomed to these affairs. What do you advise?'

"I answered that I thought that if he would write a note to the baron disclaiming any intention of giving offence, I could arrange the matter. He said: 'That would look like an apology. I won't apologize to any man that hauls me out of bed like this. I would rather fight him.'

"I hastened to assure him that he had mistaken my meaning.

"'Well,' said he, 'you write out such a note as you think I ought to send, and we will see how it looks.'

"So I wrote out a pacific note expressing regret that the baron had taken offence, and stating that none was intended.

"The Brazilian read the note, and said he did not like it. At last he said, 'Major you are a military man; if you were in my place, would you sign that note?'

"Boys, I meant all I said when I answered, 'I certainly would.'

"So he signed the note, and after mutual expressions of good will, I returned to the baron.

"I found him with a bottle of wine before him, smoking a cigar. He jumped up when I entered and said,

"'Well, major, which is it, swords or pistols?'

"'Baron,' said I, deliberately, 'I am the bearer of a communication to you from your antagonist to which I beg your earnest attention.'

"I handed him the note, which he read with a frown on his face. He threw it down on the table, and said: 'The fellow is trying to get out of this thing. I won't accept his note.'

"I at once arose and buttoned up my coat. 'Baron,' said I, with all the dignity I could assume, 'I will remind you that you put yourself unreservedly in my hands. In view of your remark in reference to this note, I must at once withdraw from this affair.'

"'My dear fellow,' said the baron, 'don't be offended; let us talk this matter over.' He read the note again, and after some conversation, he asked, 'Major, you are a military man, if you were in my place, would you accept this note?'

"I can again assure you, brethren, that I spoke with much feeling when I answered, '*I certainly would.*'

"'Then I will accept it,' said the baron. 'We will go and get the gentleman up, and shake hands over a bottle of wine.'

"We did so, and have been shaking hands in the same condition ever since.

"So, gentlemen, bring all your duels to me. I will be your second," said the major.

It was at once voted that for bravery and diplomacy the major took the prize.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY WILHELM II., KING OF PRUSSIA, GERMAN EMPEROR.

CAPE COD NEIGHBORS.

SOME spots on the earth, like some people on the earth, are born great, and others have greatness thrust upon them.

Niagara Falls and Mont Blanc were born great, and any number of mortals of much importance at home can walk under the one or climb over the other, and scratch their names across the visitors' books without adding in the least to the greatness of the waterfall or of the mountain.

The fact that Oscar Wilde did not think very much of Niagara Falls did not cause a conspicuous falling off in the number of its annual visitors, and if Napoleon, when he crossed the Alps, had marched his army up one side of Mont Blanc and down the other, it would not have added in any way to its dignity. But when Napoleon went to a little island and died there, the little island became as well-known as the big island of Australia itself. Buzzard's Bay was not born great, but Mohammed has come to the mountain, and it is famous, and gets its name in the date lines of daily papers almost every morning.

This is because several people in whom the public are interested have gone there for their summer months' vacation. People of public interest are always interesting whether they are at work or at play, and the public likes to read about them as much when they are merely fishing as when they are taking the oath of office, or making the public thoughtful as Hamlet, or happy as Bob Acres, or rejecting the public's war articles. The picture of Von Moltke in undress uniform bowing to the school-boys as they pass him in the street, is just as interesting as the one Werner painted, which shows him covered with decorations and dignity, and telling General Wimpffen that the whole French army must become prisoners of war. There will be a companion picture to that some day, and it will not be a German artist who gets the commission to paint it.

And so Mr. Rogers, who has drawn celebrated people doing very fine things, has this week shown the same people enjoying themselves in a neighborly, friendly way, and helping to make Buzzard's Bay celebrated.

They show their neighborly spirit in many different ways. Ex-President Cleveland dines with about eight hundred neighbors at Sandwich, and goes fishing with three or four; Mr. Joseph Jefferson supplies the local base-ball nine with uniforms and bats, and has the club named after him; and Mr. Edwin Booth sits on Mr. Jefferson's porch and smokes; and Mr. Gilder gives receptions in his studio to all sorts of interesting people who write and paint and talk and listen well. And every one, even those whose poems Mr. Gilder has rejected, and even those who didn't vote for Mr. Cleveland, will wish all these neighbors a very happy summer's rest, and plenty of good fishing.

IN THE CAVANAGHS' ORCHARD.

BY FRANCIS ASHETON.

IT is a gentle May day, and the apple blossoms are breaking whitely over the trees in the Cavanaghs' orchard. Rhode Island is never luxuriant, and in May is often grudging of her favors, but this spring she seems to have been seized by a kindly caprice, and adorns herself for the benefit of her children. One does not have to be of the soil, however, to be grateful for her loveliness, and Miss Humphreys, though an alien, is aware of her privileges. She is sitting on a flat stone, resting and talking over past times with her companion, a man whom one would describe as long rather than tall, and who is occupied in making excavations on a small scale among the roots of the tree under which he is sitting.

"I never could understand why the Dennisons asked me on their party at all," Miss Humphreys is saying. "I was on excessively bad terms with Charles Dennison at the time"—her companion looked up significantly—"and Carrie and I quarrelled every day and several times an evening. I went because I was utterly bored with life just then, and intended to be amused at any cost—and I was." She met the young man's eyes for a moment, and then turned away and went on: "Do you remember our impromptu ball? You played fiddler—"

"And you danced with Charley," finished the other, "with whom you were on such excessively bad terms."

Dolly laughed. "Yes, with all his faults he danced like a—"

"Dream," cut in the young man, sarcastically. "That is the correct expression."

"I never knew you to have such an envious and bitter turn of mind. I thought you were above it."

"I find in the course of thirty odd years that I am above nothing but cheating at cards and telling tales," was the answer.

"Dear me! What a gloomy outlook for Miss Dolmer!" said Dolly; but the constraint of her manner took the lightness from her speech, and Aikens was as serious as he answered,

"Yes, but Miss Dolmer does not expect much."

Dorothy flushed. "The fool!" she said in her soul; outwardly she was silent.

"I remember," began the young man, slowly, trying to paint in words the picture that rose before his eyes, "that night in the big west room as though it was yesterday, the roaring fire snapping and blazing on the wide hearth, the Christmas holly green and dark everywhere, its glistening floor, and the old square piano pushed up in the corner, behind which it was my hard necessity to sit and play while you danced, Dolly." His dark eyes, in which the pupils seemed points of light, flashed into hers.

"Whose fault was that?" she returned, reproachfully.

"Yours," came the answer, bitterly—"yours—yours. It was all in your hands, and you chose to throw me away like a—"

"Hush!" she interrupted, the beautiful color mounting to her cheek. "That is not true, and you must not say it."

He was calm again, and went back to his reminiscences.

"It was wet and cold and blustering outside, and I spent ten pleasant minutes standing in the rain to cool off some of my superfluous spirit." And he smiled sadly. He was what most people did not care to look at, without being ugly. No one could be ugly with that straight fine-cut nose and the eloquence and fire of his eyes; but the long, rather haggard face was thought sinister, and the thin lips cold and hard. "Did you enjoy those dances, Dolly?" He leaned forward and looked into her eyes.

"Yes," she answered, blushing. "I loved the movement, and I knew all the time—"

"That I was eating my heart out," he interrupted, scornfully; "and you liked that almost as well as making a fool of poor Charley Dennison."

"Don't," said Dolly; "you hurt me, and you have no right."

"No, I have no right to upbraid you, poor girl! You had too many lovers and too light a heart not to make some of them unhappy. Only I wish I had not been one of the sufferers; that is all. Oh, Dolly, I think I could have withstood you, if it hadn't been for that day on the river in the autumn, when you tried your best to wile the heart out of me, and—"

"Failed!" said Miss Humphreys, steadily. "I have never had your heart, Mr. Aiken; it has been in your own undisturbed possession ever since I have known you. If you *had* cared you would never have gone away from the Dennisons' without a word."

His eyes blazed, but he said nothing.

"This is all very unprofitable," she went on, leaning back against a tree; "let us change the subject."

Aiken's eyes wandered away through the orchard. "By all means," he said, and then again fell to studying her face.

Two years and over since they had parted that Christmas Day, and he had never seen her since. Two years had made a change. Two years ago he had a cherished theory that it would be impossible to bring tears to those brilliant gray eyes. Somehow to-day that theory was destroyed. Two years ago she could laugh at you, mystify you, allure and deceive you, but love you never, so he believed.

"'Tis summer, fiery summer,
Upon thy cheeks divine;
'Tis winter, icy winter,
In that little heart of thine."

But to-day—to-day! Suddenly a hope, a slight but exquisite hope, stirred within him. A slow fire of passion darkened his searching eyes. Miss Dolmer, to whom he had intended to propose in the course of the week—Miss Dolmer, to whom he had paid a number of business-like attentions—sank swiftly out of sight. He remembered a dream he had had the summer before, in which Dolly Humphreys had been walking by the sea and he had kissed her, and waked to spend a week of utter misery in blotting out every memory that crowded into view.

"Where were you last summer in August?" he asked.

"I was at the sea-shore," she answered, and colored a little, that same delicate pink that he remembered with a vividness that was half joy, half pain. "I spent hours literally on the beach. Nobody else had any liking for it, they preferred gayer spots, but I became quite a solitary last summer, and used to watch the waves through the long afternoon. Mamma got rather nervous, for I refused any company, and she was divided between a fear that I was meeting an ineligible suitor or getting a bit touched in my head. I will say that she might have had some reason for the latter theory, had I told her what queer fancies I had, for I got quite under the influence of the curling green waves."

"A modern Lorelei," said Aiken.

"I was much more like a shipwrecked mariner," said Dolly, smiling softly. "I had one idea, I remember, that if I waited very patiently, the waves would wash up at my feet a treasure. What the treasure was, I did not know, but something that would rejoice me forever."

"The jewels of some poor mermaid who had mislaid them," suggested Aiken, watching her, with that hope growing in his heart.

"I had a fancy, also," went on Miss Humphreys, rather shyly, "that some of my old friends might turn up; you among them. That you might suddenly appear walking along the smooth tawny sand, and we would have a friendly talk together."

"If I had only known," said Aiken, between his teeth. "But," he added, smiling a little, "I wouldn't have come as an old friend. I never was one." Dorothy looked into his face with a hurt wonder, which changed as he added, "I was your lover, dear."

"What were you doing all last summer?" she said, hastily, leaning forward and setting six small stones in an even row, while her cheeks again colored pink.

"I worked," was the brief answer.

"All the time?" raising soft pitying eyes to his.

"Most of it; but I did not mind the work; it took my thoughts from other things, and I had nothing pleasant to think of."

"What a melancholy young man!" said Miss Humphreys, lightly. "You should have paid the sea a visit as I did, and found solace for your ills."

"Did you need solace also?" asked Aiken, eagerly. "Were you not happy too?"

"What an impertinent question!" and Dolly laughed a little. "Why should I not be happy?"

"I thought—I hoped," went on the young man, earnestly, with intense pleading in his eyes, "that perhaps you were lonely too. That perhaps you had a little of the heart-ache that was with me night and day, and has been these two long years and more. I hoped that you perhaps regretted your cruelty to me at the last, and would at least let me try again. I know I have no right," he continued, "to cherish any hopes—you certainly did your best to crush them out—but we had been so happy before I grew quite mad about you, and you had seemed to like me then, and so it suddenly comes to me that now, after these years, you might give me another chance. God knows I ask nothing better than to spend my heart and soul in trying to make you love me. Speak, Dolly; give me some answer. Am I gone mad again, or—"

He did not try to touch her hand or make her look at him, but waited in a passionate silence that somehow made itself felt in the quiet spring air. Slowly Miss Humphreys heaped her six little stones one on the other, and as they fell to the ground she turned and looked at him and smiled, a wistful, deprecating smile that steadied his hot impulse to express his utter joy, and yet gave him full measure of it.

"Don't say anything now," she whispered. "I could not bear it;" and her eyes asked for a merciful gentleness from him, and not in vain. Controlling himself, he turned away from her and looked about the orchard with happy eyes that noted every beauty of color and form.

"We have never been together anywhere in the spring, have we?" he said, still looking away to the flowering trees. "In the summer, in the autumn, in the winter, but never in the spring. I see it with new eyes; I always have seen things differently when with you. To-day the apple blossoms are a shade more pink, the sky a deeper blue, than when I walked here yesterday. Will you go down to the lake with me? There is a boat, and I could row you in and out the little islands that are still brown with last summer's leaves. Will you come?"

"Yes, I will come," she answers, smiling, and springs lightly to her feet. "Which way is it? I have never staid here before, you know."

"That little path through the trees. But first I want you to give me something." She raises frightened eyes to his. "Neither your money nor your life—don't be afraid!—but that violet in your dress."

Dorothy looks down at it, and draws her breath quicker between her parted lips. "And if I do?" she said.

"If you do," he returned, "I shall ask you to give me the white hand that picked it."

With a swift movement she took the flower from her dress, and held it towards him, and Aiken caught her hand in both of his, and raised it to his lips.

AN INDIAN OBERAMMERGAU.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

THE Member of Parliament paused. He had been telling the long tale of the beauty of British Columbia, and as we rolled across a dark cañon in the Rockies he paused.

"And where shall I go first?" I said.

"To the Sechelt Mission. Look at that glacier!"

And for a time glacier and shining peak and shaggy mountain streams were all we saw. And then the Fraser River came, with its "perfect monotony of sublimity," as Nicholas Flood Davin terms it and the long sweeps of bottom-land and glutted cattle and plethoric villagers, and Sechelt was forgotten. But at Vancouver, walking through one of the prettiest natural parks in the world, beside a giant cedar the Member turned, and said, "We'll go to the Sechelt Mission on Tuesday."

And I went.

"A pity," the Member said—"a pity! To have travelled across the mountains with good Father Lacombe and not to know it nor to know him!"

But Father Lacombe was going to the Sechelt Mission, and I should see him there.

And who is Father Lacombe? Wait!

Between forty and fifty miles up the coast from Vancouver is a beautiful peninsula, which ought to be called Presque Isle, so narrow is the isthmus that makes it one with the mainland. It is called Sechelt, and there it was I saw what I call an Indian Oberammergau. In Italy, in Spain, in Quebec, the religious festivals are many, and to the eye of the worldling picturesque, at least; but this was different from them all.

To begin with, it was Indian in its personality and character. Then it was dramatic. The early morning found us in the bay at Sechelt, and the Indian village and the mission were before us. My mind went swiftly back to halcyon mornings in far-off seas, when I had waked up to see long shores of green and opal, the virgin wood thridded by soft-eyed savages; and all the wonder of a tropic world—Hilo, Nookaheeva, Apia, Norfolk Island, Pitcairn, Colombo. But still they were not like this. Instead of the stately cocoa-palm, with its wide but far-up-unsheltering leaves, is the pine, the cedar, and the maple-tree. There are no low thatched roofs of bamboo and flowering magnolia, but stiff white board cottages range in line along the beach, and a church of warlike red and white stands in the centre. Across the church's front a great red cross lies at much the same angle that the figure of Buddha is placed to repose at some shrine in a holy grove. Hundreds of white tents are set along the shore, and from many quarters come the sounds of music, somewhat brazen, but familiar. At each end of the long lines of tents and houses, against the foliage, stand lofty shrines hung with little lanterns, looking nothing beautiful thus by day, but to be at night a blaze of glory. Before them are wide green spaces roped in, and near the church are huge tents, which serve as chapels. Indians throng the shore, but none hurries. A lazy happiness reigns this day at Sechelt. A black-robed figure points toward our vessel; young Indians push out in the long Siwash canoes with lofty prows, such as artists give to ships of antique days, and in them, and by the aid of a friendly scow, we land—priests, nuns, and all.

And now there is some stir. Another day's ceremony will begin in an hour or so. Some one in a purple robe crosses the line of vision. That is Paul Durieu, O.M.T., D.D., bishop and missionary. Nay, missionary and bishop! Thirty-six years before, a young priest of Lyons came to the Indians of the Pacific armed with his crucifix and a valiant heart, and that was Paul Durieu. And neither hardship nor Indians have killed him; the food that he has eaten, nor the want of it; and the former is as significant as the latter. Young seal and raw bear are quite as murderous as a wasting vacuity. But the thin, nervous, rheumatic, and dyspeptic bishop works on, more priest than bishop, and perhaps more man than either. There comes to meet him a bronzed and bearded figure. That is Father Maurice, who has come nine hundred miles from the far north and east, bringing six Indians with him, to this festival. He tells of one of his Indians that travelled three weeks on snow-shoes in order to get here. From mountain and from stream they have come, these savages, eight tribes, and two thousand altogether. By name they run, Shuswap, Stewart's Lake, Thompson, Fraser River, Squamish, Douglas, Schliamin, and Sechelt.

As for me, I incline toward the Squamish tribe. Perhaps not justly so. But where is there pure justice? The bias in this case comes from Squamish Joe. He shall have an immortality as great, at any rate, as this article. He was my guide, philosopher, and friend through one lengthened day, and when I sought for him at night to "tip" him, he had evidently gone and hid himself. He could not or he would not be found. Up to the time of my departure he was constantly at my side, instructing, protecting, and encouraging. He knew when I must go. I hid nothing from him. But at the golden moment he vanished. It may be he had instructions, but then the phenomenon only changes venue.

Nowhere perhaps in all the world may such a sight as this be seen. Two thousand savages meet in conclave. That has been. But in such conclave and under such circumstances, never! Watch them as they wind along—grotesque enough; let that be granted—in their rude garments of brutal color, but steady and peaceful in eye, and reverent and absorbed in manner. And singing, all of them, down the line a quarter of a mile long—singing, to sweet old-fashioned airs, the story of the cross and passion. Wise men, these black-robed priests! They have chosen catching and simple airs from all sources to attract the heavy sympathies of the Indian nature. Here is one from the lanes of Ireland, quaint and sweet; there one from the airs we were rocked to sleep with in childhood; and there another from pleasant France or sunny Italy. The Salvation Army at one pole seeks the lower orders with rough picturesqueness but popular simplicities; the Roman Catholic Church, at the other pole, uses the same methods with a much greater degree of refinement; the vast difference being that the function to the first is only to attract; with the latter it is full of portentous meaning. For, look at that vast crowd kneeling! Do you see the bodies swaying to and fro with emotion, without a sound, but swaying? Do you see the tears running down dark faces, uplifted to one of the most dramatic tableaux that have ever fallen before your eyes? There is deep feeling in this; not excitement, not overstrained nerves.

High on a platform stands a crucifix, and the naked figure in the sunlight seems blanching with pain. Around it stand the Roman soldiers, twelve in all. One lifted up the spear as if to pierce the side of the Christ; others hold scourging cords, the hammer, and the nails. One raises up the sponge upon a reed, one bears a ladder, and another a bucket of vinegar and water. Of strange high-colored stuffs were the old Roman costumes made—yellows, reds, and browns; but the copper-colored actors in this high tragedy

carried themselves with amazing dignity, because they felt the pathetic significance of the task set them to do. The splendid simplicity of their manner supplied the place of art and all the rest. Close by the soldiers, with mild eyes fixed upon the face of the crucified, stands St. John the Divine. And on the other side, with bowed and overwhelmed mien, waits Mary the Mother. At the pierced feet kneels Mary the Magdalene, her hair, of glossy black and wondrous length, falling about her face, a figure of mourning inexpressible. And slow red drops of blood dropped from the brow, torn by the thorns, upon the flowing hair.

A sad sight.

And I looked round me.

The splendid simplicity had conquered. There was not a spectator who was idle now, not a seeker after curiosity but was subdued. The head of every on-looker was bared, many an eye was dim, and all were hushed.

But there never was a moment from the time the procession started which had not its reverent influence upon the assembled visitors. Through the throng ran the simple tunes arranged to the Chinook language. Chinook, for it must be remembered that every one of these eight tribes speaks a different language, and must meet on the ground of this jargon that they all knew—Spanish, French, and Indian—arranged by the Hudson Bay Company's people many a year ago. Every tribe had its "brass band," and these nations of people met upon this paradeground of their religion, and were one. Along the green shore they passed to one shrine, then on to the other; at the end of the brilliant line coming the acolytes swinging censers and sprinkling the rose leaves in the path of the bishop (the Bishop of Victoria), who, under a canopy of gold-colored cloth, carried the host to the place of crucifixion. The air is filled with dramatic feeling and picturesqueness. It is all very real—so real, that when one Indian half rises from his knees at the place where the tragedy is being presented, another plucks him by the sleeve, and says, with reproach, pointing to the figure on the cross: "Do not rise. He is not dead yet." He still sees the blood dropping upon the hair of the Magdalene.

And out over all that multitude, and through that Indian village with its thousand flaunting banners, there was passing a wave of strong feeling which fell little short of the divine. At night the procession of "Our Lady of the Cross" was formed, and again the two thousand voices rose, blending in two good old airs that have been lullabies to many a generation. And the town was one sparkle of light. Thousands of candles burnt in the windows, and every Indian in the army of worshippers carried one. The shrines blazed with color. Whenever the host was lifted, a cannon was discharged, and great tableau fires burned. And the silent forest was behind, and the long wash of Pacific seas made music in the occasional silences that fell upon the shore.

The night before there had been processions on land and on sea. The Siwash canoes, with light in bow and stern, wound in and out, the paddles dipping to the sound of homely music. But what this day had been was only a dull page of interest beside that of the Sunday before. On the morning of that day there were tableaux representing the Passion and the stations of the cross, and, in the evening, the trial of the Christ, the scourging, the crowning of thorns, the fall under the cross, and the crucifixion. This, with pontifical high mass, and processions by land and sea, made an impressive ceremony.

Over all the world are missions, Protestant and Catholic, are priests and preachers working, and in many lands the writer has seen native races under the benign influence of religious function—in groves of tamarind and algeroba of Hawaii, in the arid and unhappy lazaretto of Molokai, in the low matseated sanctuaries of Samoa and Tonga, beside mangrove swamps in Queensland, under the shade of India's upas-tree, and upon hot sands of Araby. But never anywhere has there appeared such simple yet such powerful religious achievement and ceremonial effect. The laborious mind of the Indian of British Columbia has been reached, moved, excited. He has been taught by dramatic representation. Through object-teaching he has come to feel the force of the tragedy enacted on Calvary, and what it means to the world. To him Pontius Pilate is a man and not a myth; the high priest a fact and not a tradition; the Light of the World a theme and not a vision, a present suffering but compassionate Saviour, not "a beautiful fiction."

It is not hard to see that no other methods save those would have touched the heavy Indian nature. First color, then sound, then form, then feeling; and right feeling, even in the raw, is sublime. The churches seem again to be recognizing the fact—recognized ages ago—that the mind and heart receive an education through the senses. The first English actors were monks and priests. In the miracle plays were the same force and purpose working that are to be found at Oberammergau and Sechelt; and it would appear that the Church is drawing nearer to the stage, and taking little by little from it aids to religious teaching. And why not? The preachers have been doing so all along. If the best of them do not get many arts of speaking direct from actors, they are caught from others who do. A consideration of the methods of the best preachers of New York or London would establish that. The dramatic arrangement of their discourses would suggest the practices of the dramatist, and not often of the best dramatists.

As a work of dramatic art one could not set the ceremonial at Sechelt in scope or worthiness on the plane of Oberammergau; but the intention is the same, and up to a point the practice is the same. The Sechelt function is a series of impressive out-door tableaux; it is not a dream; but the scene is almost as unique in its character as that to be found in the village at the foot of the Bavarian hills.

It must be remembered, in thinking upon the success of the Roman Catholic missionaries among the Indians of British Columbia, that these tribes are not like the Crees and Blackfeet and the other tribes on the east of the mountains. On the Pacific slope the natives are of a gentle and peaceful nature, given to industry, and with a taste for art. In that they resemble the Bavarians of Oberammergau. Some of their carving in wood, stone, and metal is admirable. In the art of the gold and silver smith they are as expert and graceful as the East-Indian or the Japanese, and much of their carving, statuary, and relics suggests an Aztec origin. Whence came they? They are not of the same beginning as the Eastern tribes. They resemble the Japanese in face and form; they have the same docility. They till the ground, work in the lumber camps, and catch salmon. Their reserves are cultivated up to the hilt, and they have something of the acquisitiveness of the Chinese.

"Their reserves represent some of the best land in the province," said the Member.

"They have not much good land for their support," said a priest.

One did not know which to believe. Perhaps both were right.

"We have very good time—work hard; take the blessed sacrament; make them behave quite. All right," said Squamish Joe. And he looked at the medal on his chest which bore the legend "Police," and pointed to another policeman, going through the crowd, bearing aloft on a stick a silver watch, and crying, "Who lost it—eh?" It seemed hard to find an owner.

"Indian fellow do wrong," said Captain Squamish Joe. (We called him that when we saw that by so doing his respect for us increased.) "Find him out. Get him quick. He get up when priest comes soon in mass. Say he go wrong. Pretty sorry. All right. Get him penitence. Take blessed sacrament. All right."

There was a time when the extreme Protestant sects taught this discipline, this public acknowledgment of wrong and the principle of reparation, but it now remains for the Roman Catholic missionaries to the Pacific slope to establish this public confessional in a scheme of tribal government and a native police system.

Not so easy, not so successful, has been the task of the missionaries in the east of the Rockies.

"Ask Father Lacombe about that," said the Member.

But where was Father Lacombe? In the ceremonials of the early part of the day we had seen him absorbed in his impressive duties. The white head, the quiet figure, the slow kindly look, the peaceful solitariness of the figure one could not soon forget. What said King Harry on the eve of Agincourt to Sir Thomas Erpingham? "A good soft pillow for that good white head were better than a churlish turf of France." That would be the thought suggested by a glance at "Mon Père Lacombe." For forty odd years this man has moved in and out among the Blackfeet and Crees of the Northwest Territories, preaching, persuading—one of that class of men who in the days of De Fleucher and Laval erected the standard of the cross in the barbarous land of the Indian savage, and lived a life of hardship, exposure, and constant danger for their cause. And this Father Lacombe has been the most heroic of pioneers. He saved his old friends the Blackfeet from massacre twenty-five years ago; he helped to save Canada from bloodshed and massacre in 1885.

"Keep the Blackfeet quiet at any cost, and charge all to me," telegraphed Sir John Macdonald from Ottawa in the April of that year. And he kept them quiet. He pleaded with them, he advised them, and influenced old Crowfoot, the chief, until it was said to the envoys from the Crees: "We shall not fight the Good Mother over the seas. We are friends to Canada." And Father Lacombe mounted his horse when he knew that the south was safe, and moved away alone toward Edmonton, in the north, that he might keep the braves quiet there. Of that hard ride and long the histories of the Canadian rebellion are silent. They are based on ill-considered military—colored newspaper—reports, which were chiefly concerned with applause of General Middleton and "our brave boys." It was the same in Samoa in 1888 and 1889. Few knew or considered how far the pacific influence of the priests went toward mitigating the dangers and terrors of that war between Mataafa and Tamasese, and in which the German authorities played so unenviable a part.

That spring-time ride of Father Lacombe over hundreds of miles of bleak and rolling prairie was one of great hardship and danger. But simply, uncomplaining, he did his part, and for what? For such reward as the knowledge of a good deed can give in a naughty world—no more. He might reasonably have grown discouraged long ago. For but few of the Eastern and prairie Indians have been converted. Crafty, subtle, sophistical, they are good actors, and such religion as they profess is largely assumed, and is political in its purport. They love display, and have a keen eye for effect. And so it is, as Hepworth Dixon pointed out twenty years ago in his *New America*, the tawny savage going in all picturesqueness into the East and into great populations, gives society the impression of "a noble savage, a kingly race." His fine speeches are tricks, his play upon departed glory and first ownership is rhetoric; his immobility, he knows, is striking. Geronimo, the Apache chief, captured four years ago by General Miles, made on his trial a beautiful speech, but he was a deceiver, a cutthroat, a perjurer, a robber, and a scoundrel, for all that. There have been few Tecumsehs. It is in the blood of the Indian to the east of the Rockies. Craft is his chiefest quality. Thrift he is slow to learn; a graceless subtilty he has had always. The function of Sechelt would be impossible at Calgary or Fort MacLeod. The races have risen from different sources. The Piegans, the Sarcees, the Crees, and the Blackfeet would make a drunken carnival of an attempt at a Passion Play.

Though this endeavor on the part of savages to reproduce scenes in the life of the Christ would be considered but crude and stumbling beside the beautiful, grave, and powerfully theatrical representations at Oberammergau, it must stand singular and potent after its kind. Dignity, sweetness, and sincerity were infused in the ceremonies, and the acting was refined in its suggestiveness and composure. With the forest of pines as a back curtain, and the opal beach for a foreground; with a rose stream belt of green shore for a proscenium; with wings of brown rocks, and flies of stars and sun and fleecy clouds and the infinite blue; with the music of two thousand human voices, through which there was running just enough of the native monotone to give solemnity, and the great liquid metronome of the sea keeping, as it were, a far-off melodious time—the spectator could not but feel that he had encountered a force in the religious education of the world as powerful as it is beautiful.

THE BLACK REPUBLIC.

HAITI is on the eve of one of her periodical revolutions. The preliminary massacres have already drenched the streets of Port au Prince with blood, and every craft that sails from Haitian ports is crowded with natives of the Black Republic flying before the gathering storm of war. The latest advices from Haitian sources indicate that the coming conflict will be the most sanguinary in the history of the unfortunate country. President Hippolyte has, it is said, retained the support of that great mob of armed but undisciplined men dignified with the title of army, by the recent disbursement of $128,000 among the officers of superior rank. His former stronghold, Jeremie, has repudiated him, and presents a new aspirant for martial and, if successful, Presidential honors in the person of Manigat, a new figure in Haitian affairs. The situation is further complicated by the presence at some point on the adjacent islands of Hippolyte's old adversary, ex-President Légitime, and an active band of his devoted adherents. There are therefore three "Richmonds in the field," and people conversant with Haitian affairs predict that the next advices from southern seas will be to the effect that the carnage has begun, possibly initiated by the assassination of the blood-crazed President.

On the feast of Corpus Christi, June 5, 1890, Port au Prince presented as gay an appearance as that war-worn, dilapidated, and filthy capital could assume. The fighting was at an end, and Haitians were elated with the hope that the administration of President-elect Hippolyte would insure peace and bring prosperity to the republic. On the outskirts of the city, spanning the main road from the country districts, a picturesque triumphal arch had been erected. It was topped by a dome of blue and white, flanked by the Haitian coat of arms. Below was the motto,

A l'élu du 9 Octobre 1889,
Régénérateur d'Haïti.

Regenerator, Hippolyte has indeed proved himself to be; but hardly of the sort desired by his fellow-citizens. Seated in an open barouche, probably the only one in Port au Prince, flanked by gorgeously uniformed aides-de-camp, drawn by a team of coal-black horses, with a black driver and footman on the box, the President-elect proceeded along the Grande Rue to the cathedral, where the inaugural ceremonies took place.

The market square, which covers several acres of ground in front of the sacred edifice, was crowded with the people of Port au Prince and the surrounding country—a poverty-stricken, famished multitude. Absence from this religio-governmental function would be construed as a mark of disloyalty to the incoming administration, and Haitians have had experience enough to know that death has resulted from even slighter causes; consequently every one who could walk or ride was at the cathedral on that bright June morning. It was in this same church that Hippolyte was summoned from his devotions last Corpus Christi, May 28, 1891, to put down, with a merciless slaughter which has not as yet ceased, the first outcroppings of the impending revolution.

After the church dignitaries had invoked the blessings of Heaven on the newly created head of the state, the inaugural procession advanced along that filthy thoroughfare the Grande Rue to the Palace of the President—the Haitian White House—situated at the other end of the city. The strong black face of the President was wreathed with smiles, and he was constantly engaged acknowledging the salutations of the spectators. Behind his carriage marched the fife-and-drum corps of the Palace Guards. Following them rode the chief of the Palace Guards—a combination of a French field-marshal, a General Boum, and a mid-African potentate. He was an elderly man of ebon hue, with snow-white wool and chin whisker. His head was covered with the gold-laced chapeau of a French field officer, topped with a huge pompon. His blue coat was profusely trimmed with tarnished lace, and on his shoulders rested enormous epaulets with heavy gold-bullion fringe. This, with the addition of blue trousers, is the usual uniform of every one above the rank of captain. There is considerable rivalry in regard to the height and breadth of the big plumes in the chapeaus, and the tedium of blue trousers is frequently relieved by trousers of scarlet or white—not cheap white duck, but expensive white cloth. Patent-leather riding-boots are also popular. Generals are commoner than revolutions in Haiti. The title of General is conferred not on men of the better class, but usually on ignorant but useful politicians. Behind their chief marched the Palace Guards, the flower of the Haitian army—very much over-officered, and wearing antiquated and worn-out French army uniforms, but differing in other respects from any other army that ever existed. There is as much military form and cohesion about a Haitian regiment on parade as there is about the different parties in Haitian politics. The soldiers march in little groups, as if they were entirely independent of one another. Shambling along after the Palace Guards, interspersed with many deafening fife-and-drum corps, came several hundred as blood-thirsty-looking and ragged an armed mob as one could see anywhere. They were in full dress; that means, in the Haitian army, that every man who had boots or shoes wore them.

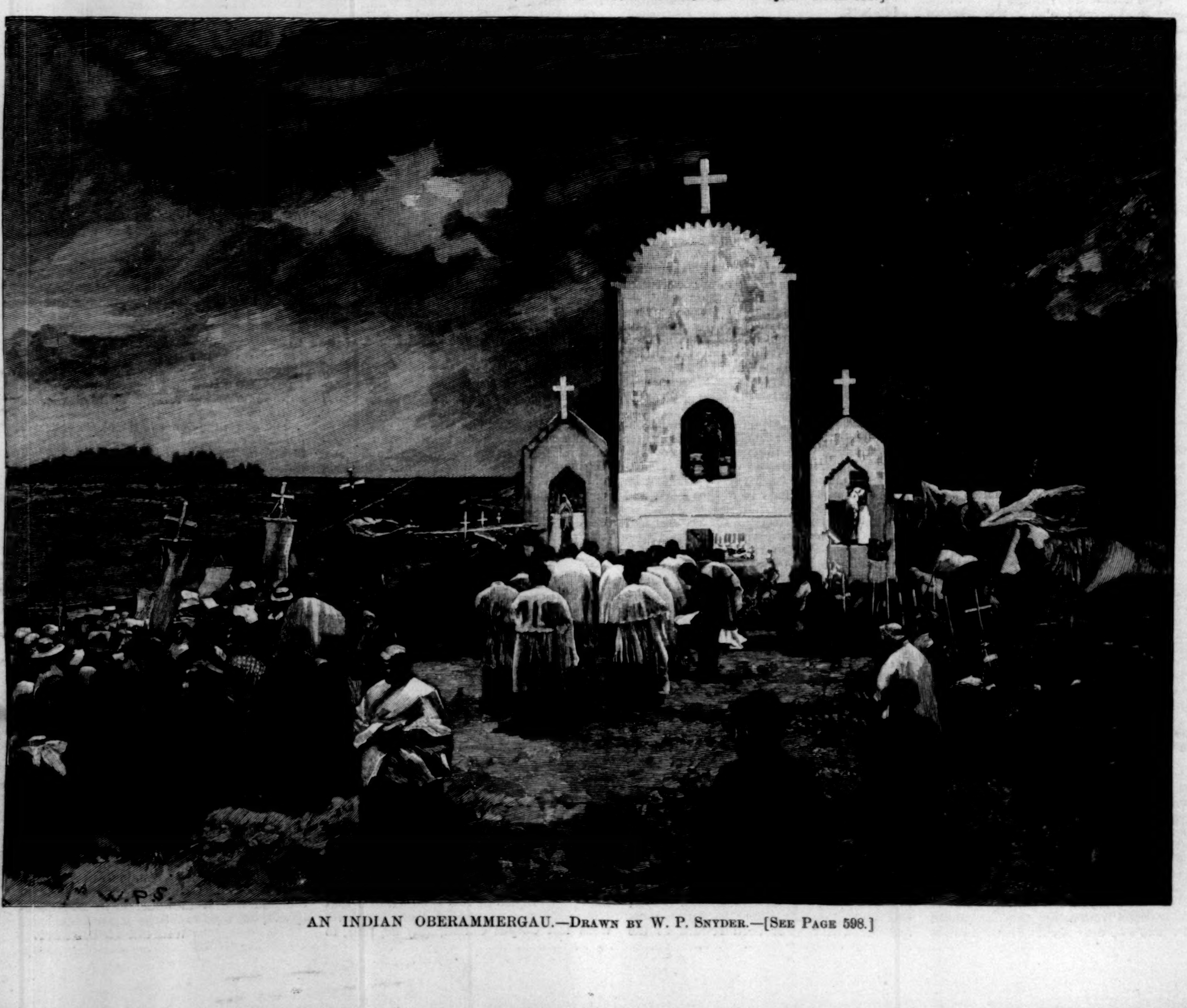
As soon as parade is dismissed, the footgear is promptly removed, and slung over the shoulder until the next full-dress function. The impression produced on the mind of the North American observer by the military spectacle was that it was ludicrous in the extreme were it not for the business-like rifle slung over the shoulder of every man and the loaded cartridge-box at his belt. Some of the corps of sappers and miners reminded one of the old-time pioneers who marched at the head of New York target companies, with enormous bear-skin caps and leather aprons. Ignorance and vanity are the prevailing traits of the Haitian soldier, from general to private, and indeed are marked characteristics of a vast majority of the people. The average Haitian is an African savage with a French veneer. The Minister of War, in a report on the army published in 1867, placed its numerical strength at 20,000 men, of which number 13,500 were general officers, staff and regimental officers, and 6500 were private soldiers. As each revolution brings forth a fresh batch of officers and kills off a number of private soldiers, the proportion of officers to privates has not been materially changed. The nominal pay of a private is $12 a year, but even this amount cannot always be collected from the paymaster. By an order of President Hippolyte no regiment is permitted to remain in the same post for a longer period than one month, for fear that the soldiery may conspire against the government with disaffected civilians.

The undying enmity of the blacks for their colored or mulatto brethren has been the root of all the Haitian troubles. It is a hatred that will outlast Haitian independence, and compel the inevitable French or American or joint protectorate of the country to be administered with a hand of iron. The constantly recurring revolutions, the periodical conflagrations of incendiary origin, and epidemics have reduced the city of Port au Prince almost to ruins. Situated at the head of a great bay and possessing every natural advantage resulting from a good location, the accumulated filth of a century blocks its streets, and the excess, carried off by the rains, has obliterated the channels of the bay and made fetid its waters. Most of the houses in the city are mean-looking wooden structures. The cathedral resembles a barn, and the only edifice of any architectural pretensions, with the exception of the palace, is the church of St. Joseph. The Senate, House of Representatives, ministerial residences, and theatre were all swept away in the revolution of 1868. The President's Palace, which stood on an eminence overlooking the bay, was destroyed at the same time, but has been rebuilt. The grounds surrounding the Presidential abode are uncared for and overgrown with rank tropical vegetation.

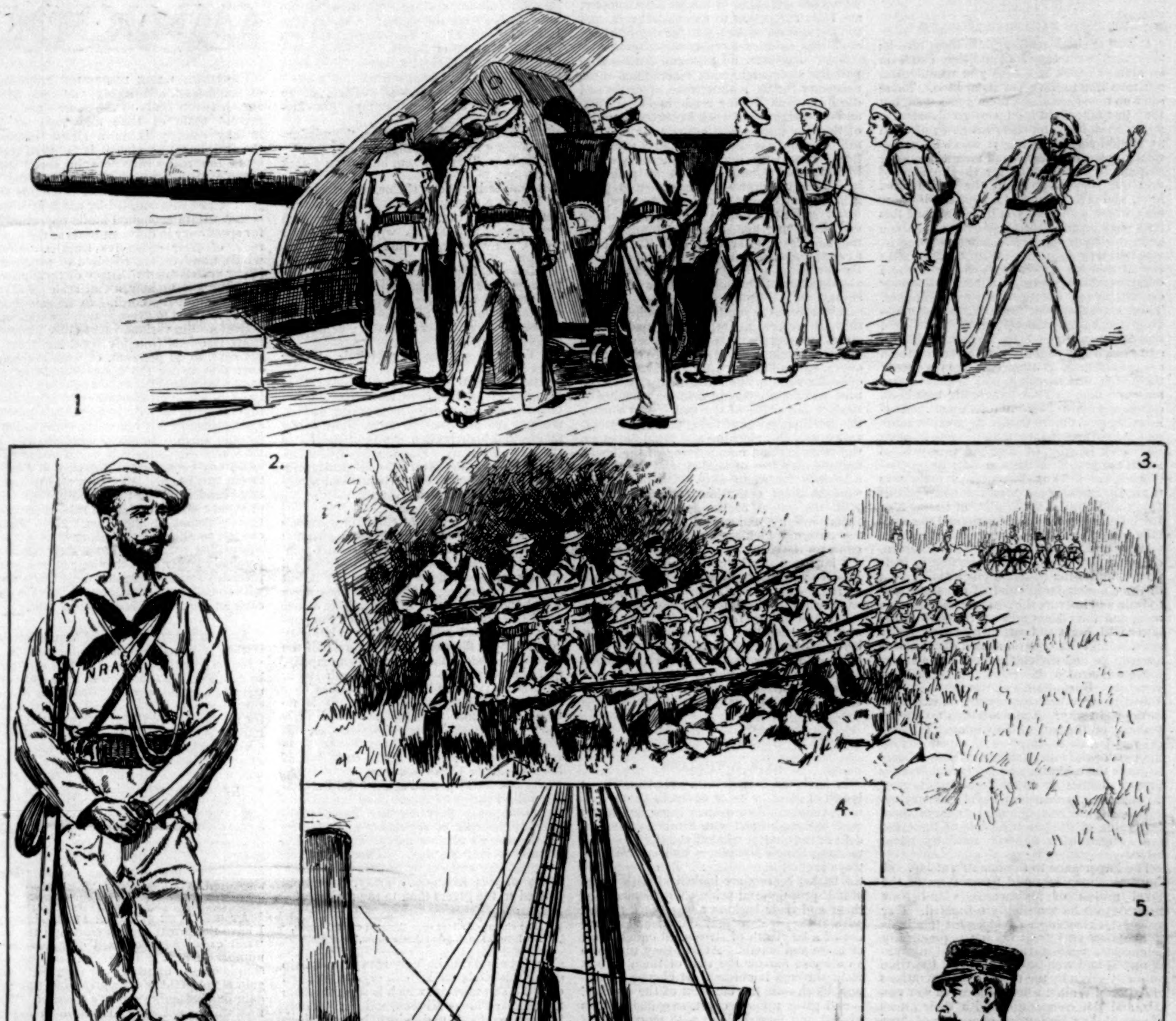
Since the overthrow of President Geffrard in 1867 travel in the interior has not been safe, voudouism and cannibalism have increased, and the country, one of the most fertile and richest in minerals in this hemisphere, has been rapidly going to ruin.

WILLIAM H. BENNETT.

PRESIDENT HIPPOLYTE AND PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI.—[See Page 599.]



AN INDIAN OBERAMMERGAU.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 598.]



WITH THE NAVAL RESERVE.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 602.]

1. Great Gun Drill—Ready to Fire. 2. Able Seaman, Naval Reserve. 3. Shore Drill. 4. Boat Drill. 5. Officer, Naval Reserve.

THE NAVAL RESERVE ARTILLERY.

BY RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM.

"WELL, sir, I really think they like it; they work as if they did, and they catch on so blamed quick it makes you wink. And our men like to have 'em aboard too. There ain't no nonsense about them gentlemen, but they just take right hold, and go ahead with a darned sight better will than many of them as is paid for doing it. It won't do sailor-men any harm to have such men as them for shipmates for a while, for they're sure to find out something about the men for'ard here, and I'll leave it to you, sir, if there ain't worse men than you'll find aboard this here ship or any other man-o'-war once you come to know 'em. But what gets me is, what do they do it for? Why, there's a gent as I'm told his governor owns one of them ocean steamship lines, and he's got money enough to buy out this here whole hooker. There's another, him there that's just sponging that 8-inch rifle aft on the port side, I heard him called as Able Seaman Dr. Blank, and cussed out roundly too by one of them reserve officers, as they come alongside in their boat this morning, and Mr. Able Seaman Dr. Blank didn't handle his boat-hook quick enough to please the leftenant. Anyhow, they're doing things in good man-o'-war shape, and if they take interest in what our work is, why, all *I've* got to say is, so much the better for them and for us too."

And the brawny boatswain's mate was right, for nothing but good can come of this frank and cordial association of the men of the regular naval establishment and the civilians composing the newly organized militia. Officers and men of Admiral Walker's splendid command have done everything in their power, under the wise and efficient direction of the commander-in-chief of the squadron, to train and instruct the amateur man-o'-war's men, and have been met on the part of the latter with eager and earnest attention, ready submission to the restraints and discipline of an arduous and difficult service, and a cheerful obedience to the rules and regulations governing Uncle Sam's marine forces. The Naval Reserve has commenced its existence in the right way. There has been no absurd jealousy on the part of the volunteer towards the regular, no assumption of superiority on the part of the blue-jackets and their officers towards the reserves, who freely and frankly placed themselves under the instruction of professional seamen and naval gunnery experts, who are best qualified to teach them something of the practical side of their duties as men of a fighting auxiliary naval force.

The importance to the country at large of the recent exercises and manœuvres of the naval militia of Massachusetts and New York cannot be too highly estimated. Our sea-coast, extending as it does for hundreds of miles on two great oceans, is practically defenceless against the attacks of a well-equipped and well-trained foe, and the wide publicity given by the press to the operations of Admiral Walker's fleet of modern war vessels, and the co-operation with their crews of men of the standing and education of those that form the nucleus of, it is to be hoped, a large force of reserve naval artillerymen, is calculated to call the attention of the American people generally to the absolute necessity of providing adequate means to prevent the capture of our rich seaports, and to arouse their interest in the ways and means of doing so. Admiral Walker has given hundreds of young men, taken from among the most intelligent and well-informed citizens of two of the most important cities of the United States, an opportunity of serving for a time on the cruisers under his command, thus aiding them in their efforts to attain the object of their organization.

No more appropriate spot could well have been selected for the manœuvres of the fleet and the exercises of New York's Naval Reserve Battalion than the waters adjoining Fisher's Island, at the eastern entrance to Long Island Sound. The island itself will eventually be fortified to guard the narrow channel between it and the Long Island shore, forming one of the main approaches to New York city from the sea, and, as the object of a reserve militia would be mainly that of home defence, it is obvious that this force should be made as familiar with the waters in which it would be obliged to operate in the event of war as the limited time at its disposal will permit.

The ships of the now famous "White Squadron" presented a beautiful appearance as they lay at anchor on the smooth waters of Fisher's Island Sound. Six as fine cruisers as any of their class formed a long line, the glistening white hulls and the tall masts, with their maze of rigging, reflecting straight down into the blue waters beneath; and closer inshore the low-lying fish-shaped torpedo-boat and the sharp-bowed dangerous-looking dynamite cruiser lay motionless on the glassy surface of the summer sea. In a little bay the steamer *Stonington* made the temporary home of the militia-men, and the whilom peaceful passenger boat was transformed into a man-o'-war for the time being. Strict naval discipline was maintained on board, and it was astonishing to note how rapidly and readily the men of the battalion settled down to the routine of every-day life on a war ship. While much of this readiness to adapt themselves to circumstances was due to the superior intelligence of the gentlemen composing the ship's company, their officers, many of whom are graduates of the Naval Academy, are fully competent to command them, and to inspire them with respect for the authority conferred on them by their commissions.

There has been no fuss and feathers, no parades and ceremonies, other than those necessary for the maintenance of order and discipline and for the rendering of honors, and downright hard work has been the order of the day during the entire time that the militia-men have been associated with the fleet. Their white duck working-suits, which looked so spick-and-span and so painfully new when the cruise was commenced, grew grimier and more dingy day by day, the black sailor-ties flowed more loosely, faces and necks and hands became bronzed and toughened, and after a few days it was hard to distinguish the amateur sailor-men from the hardy tars, as they were grouped together about the great guns on the decks of the war ships.

Aside from the routine and discipline of a ship of war, no attempts were made to instruct the reserves in the details of a seaman's duties, that take years of experience on the salt ocean, with all the hardships and vicissitudes of a sailor's life, to familiarize men with, but the time was mainly occupied in the teaching of the fighting drills of the man-o'-war's man, the handling, care, and firing of the heavy ordnance and the machine and rapid-fire guns, the manning and manœuvring of the boats, and the exercises of landing and fighting as a brigade for shore duty. The militia-men showed great enthusiasm, mingling freely with the sailors of the fleet, who received them cordially, and spared no pains to show the citizen "Jackies" that they were welcome on the ships.

I hope the gentlemen forming the Naval Reserve will take back to their homes as good an impression of our American blue-jackets as they left behind them on the fleet among the honest fellows for'ard, and that whatever may have been their idea of our tars before being shipmates with them, they will have learned to honor and admire a class of men as brave, willing, kind, and hearty as ever wore the honorable simple uniform of a sailor in Uncle Sam's navy.

WITH A FLOWER MISSIONARY.

BY M. C. WILLIAMS.

IT is eleven o' the clock. Madison Street is full of glare, of noise, of smells that are almost visible. Two women come out into it with baskets heaped with flowers. Any resident of the quarter will tell you they "belong to these King's Daughters, and are 'most always around here of late." By consequence the basket-bearers are looked at with a sort of half-proprietorial pride. Way is made for them and their baskets along the thronged pave. They go up and down and in and out of a labyrinth of streets, all equally full of noise and smells. At last they turn into an alley so narrow the two of them cannot walk through it abreast. It pierces a business block—ah, the business of the quarter! —and gives upon a court, so-called, that is walled and fenced about with tenements of the most squalid type; not so very tall, but bare, ugly, forbidding, beyond words. It is a gray ugliness—flags underfoot, and walls of rough brick painted exactly flag-color. Even June sunshine is wan and watery as it sifts down in the long narrow break between wall and wall. A tall man can span it easily.

If lovers lived on opposite sides, they might almost kiss across it. Nowhere any earth —not even for charity's sweet sake. The swarming children, black with city moil and grime, never knew the delight of clean dirt in their lives. Yet they run clamoring to the flower-bearers. "Give! give!" is the cry, as twenty eager clawy small hands are thrust almost into the basket.

"Clean faces first," say their guardians, smiling cheerily.

Instantly there is a dash for the pump, followed almost immediately by a return with faces where the skin's true color is discernible at the tip of the nose and on the cheeks. Each gets a posy. Then the round of the houses begins. In and out of tiny bird-box apartments, up and down stairways half worn away with misery's constant passing, the flower missionaries go. As they pass an open window, two horribly dirty small heads appear.

"My babies wants flowers too," says the mother from a dim background of stove and tubs.

"Yes; here they are. Flowers go best with clean faces," comes in to her from the outside. In the next room a clean old lady sits quietly sewing. The place is small and bare like the rest, but there is more than decent cleanliness all about. A glint of sunshine struggles through the bit of window to fall on a fading nosegay set in a wide-mouthed bottle.

"The ladies gave me them last week, and they are right good now," the woman says, with a caressing nod to the daisies and mignonette.

Asked what she would like from the heaped store, she says, "Whatever you'll give me." Then, after a minute: "I'd like a rose. I'm going out Sunday, and I want to wear it then." Adding, half shamefacedly: "We had roses in England. That's my country. And when I was young, I made artificial flowers, and it always seemed roses were sort of company for me."

Out in the alley again the infantry charged in solid column, crying: "Flowers for me gran'mother; fer the baby." "Me mother 'ain't had none." "Ye skipped the top floor." "Gi' me er flower." "No, I 'ain't had none." "A flower! a flower!" "I don't want daisies." "Change these for pinks." "I love them blue ones." Then, all in chorus, "Som'thin' fer Tommy's gran'mother."

"Hush! Where is she?" says the missionary, holding her basket high out of reach.

"In there," cry a dozen, indicating a dark doorway.

It frames her like a shrine, and she might be indeed a martyr of toil. Tall, pale, patient, with a worn, lined face, and smooth gray hair. She stands with outstretched hands, the very moral and pattern of endurance.

"Do you like bright flowers?" says the missionary, holding out a clump of dewy peonies that but yesterday were nodding in a country garden. She has never been in the court before. Her comrade touches her, and says, very low,

"Tommy's grandmother is blind; give her roses as well."

The two leave her with both hands full of bloom, and go in where three Italians are elbow-deep in suds. It is dark, dismal, steamy, yet you see the faces light as by magic, and hear broken words of thanks as the givers flit away. Outside they find themselves again in the rank of small sturdy beggars, who come with empty hands and newly smudged faces, declaring roundly,

"We 'ain't had no flowers."

But there are cases of conscience among them. One slim dark slip of Italian girlhood looks covetously at a cluster of scarlet poppies; yet when it is held out to her with a cordial smile, she does not reach for it, but says, "I had some; at the first," showing a wee bunch of pansies in the hollow of her hand. Next minute she has kissed the poppies, and rushed away with them to her eyry on the upper flights. Long before half the houses are visited the baskets yawn emptily, and the bearers go back for a fresh stock. Almost everywhere in the poor homes they have been welcome as sunshine. It is no mere lip thanks that has rewarded their kindly effort. A few perhaps misprize; but in how many rooms are these flowers carefully tended and kept long past their time of beauty! More than once you see withered leaves and stalks pinned against the wall under a dead baby's picture. And the tot who wears a pansy posy on her frock plays daintily, instead of sprawling and kicking on the dusty stairs, or maybe even keeps a clean face half the day. Better than even the uplifting wrought by flowers is the kindliness of this kindness. Truly, it is more blessed to the givers than to the receivers!

> "Like chains of silver seen through crystal beads,
> Let love through good deeds show,"

sings Edwin Arnold. Very many hands help string this silver chain with crystalline good deeds. The mission, which is separate from the regular Flower Mission, and its rival only in good works, is maintained by over three hundred circles of King's Daughters. Flowers come to them from as far south as Richmond, Virginia. Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New Jersey, join hands with New York. The blossoms given out to-day grew, many of them, in the Catskills. Most of them come ready tied in bunches. If they are not, there is never a lack of willing fingers to group them deftly, and fasten to each a card printed with some text of Scripture. Out on the Orange Mountains there is a wonderfully handsome house that is never without visitors the summer through. Upon a high place in the grounds, where the outlook is a poem, there stands a summer-house, with a big table in its centre and rustic benches all around. Just under the roof you read, in illuminated letters, "Oh, all ye green things upon the earth, praise ye the Lord!"

Flowers abound; the garden overruns, the way-side is bespangled. Every Sunday, from three to six in the afternoon, the family and its guests gather them with lavish hand, and sit about the summer-house table tying them up for the Flower Mission. Many flowers come from children—boys and girls in near-by towns. Sometimes—most times—they are very carefully culled and sorted. Yet they are no whit more welcome than the handfuls of clover and bits of sweet stuff and straggly short-stemmed roses that come with a note saying, "My babies picked these for the children who have no flowers."

Flowers are not the limit of the work. These gentle missionaries crave all good gifts for their poor people. Fruit, food, milk, money, they will receive and put to use with thankful hearts. They tell you proudly of one gift that has come from far off Texas; a poor blind old lady sent fifty cents "because some one had read to her a paragraph about their work, and she wished to feel that she had helped it, if ever so little." Other alms came in like manner from Denver. Any who are minded to send flowers or fruit or any sort of parcel has but to put it in the nearest express office, addressed to the King's Daughters, 91 Madison Street, and it will be forwarded free. Indeed, without such courtesy the Flower Mission could hardly exist. In fact, look at it from what point you will, it is one of those things that go far to reconcile us with our kind.

AMATEUR SPORT

CONTINUING THE DISCUSSION from issue of August 1st, concerning "no time allowance between boats of the same class": No present scale of time allowance in use in any country is, in a single instance, the full amount which it is believed represents the real differences in speed attributable to differences of size in boats; to quote the accepted shibboleth on this subject: "The rule adopted by naval architects is that within economic limits opportunities for speed vary in different boats as the square roots of their respective lengths. Strong winds, however, are required to produce in larger vessels the full effect of their greater size, and presumably a full scale of allowances computed according to the rule would not be adapted to average summer weather." Therefore the various yacht clubs allow various fractions (roughly speaking, from 45 per cent. to 60 per cent. of what the allowance due under the above-enunciated and somewhat empyrical rule would be). Clearly all this is approximation, and approximation merely. In very light airs the percentage adopted by any one of the clubs is doubtless too much. In heavy weather twice the allowance due to the rule would not begin to offset any considerable disparity in size between two boats. Why then all this uncertain blundering? Let them build their boats of equal "sizes" under the rule of measurement existent at the time. Have classes enough to allow of this being done without compelling owners to build their boats appreciably larger than they can afford, or appreciably smaller than they desire. Do away with so-called "time allowance," and in each class let the race be boat against boat.

ANOTHER BAD EFFECT of time allowance is that it introduces one more rule to be "beaten" by the astute. It is bad enough to be compelled *ex necessitate* to have some arbitrary rule of measurement—for rules of measurement, one might almost say, exist only for the purpose of being built around; but to introduce still another rule—by avoiding or evading which a further advantage can be gained—within the limits of a class or in certain weathers, is to pay a still further premium for the production of abnormal types of boats. For instance: to-day "sail area" (so-called, not *actual* sail area) enters into the computation of "size" for time allowance in practically every yacht club in the United States. The rule for measuring sail area is an arbitrary one; the actual sail area is not measured.

AT ONCE THE QUESTION ARISES, how can I have the greatest sail *spread* and the least "sail *area*," *i. e.*, be taxed on the smallest number of square feet? The answer is a simple one—"Shorten your topmast." The gain is not perhaps very great, but there *is* a gain on shortening a boat's topmast. Well, first, this is not very attractive in appearance. Stumpy topmasts don't look well. Moreover, naval architects tell us that it is unwise to artificially hamper the free exercise of intelligence in relation to the proper relative proportions of *spars* quite as much as to hamper arbitrarily the employment in a boat of any element that enters into the *hull*. That this is true hardly seems to need argument. Why not, then, since designers *can* build practically at the head of each given class, and (since we have enough of a yachting population to make it feasible) classes can be numerous—why not abolish time allowance, with its approximations and its uncertainties, and let the racing yachts of the country consist of groups of boats, with the members of each group all practically of a size?

ONE LAST BRIEF ARGUMENT against time allowance: A demonstration of the unsatisfactory character thereof is to be found in the fact that to-day in England a very large percentage of the races are "handicaps" and not "open races," and the substitution of "handicaps" for "open races" has during the past few months attracted distinct attention in this country, as witness the rules for such matches printed in these columns in our issue of June 20th. In other words, time allowance is not found sufficient, as between boats, for some weathers, and is found too great for other weathers. It is no proper gauge, under varying conditions of wind and weather, of the different opportunities for speed attributable to disparity of size.

CRICKETERS WHO RESIDE outside the favored city of Quakers may well take heart of grace in the defeat of the erstwhile invincible Philadelphia eleven at both Toronto and Chicago. Friends of the Germantown Club have been busily employed framing excuses for the upset of their favorites. We are told that their first reverse was due to the poorness of the wicket prepared by the Toronto Club—it being overlooked that the home club likewise used it—while the defeat sustained at Chicago is attributed to the absence of Mr. Brockie, the Germantown captain. Probably these excuses may prove a salve unto the wounded *amour propre* of the average Philadelphian, but it does occur to most people that it would be more sports-

man-like to keep quiet and take the medicine like "little men."

We all know the game is uncertain. Where is the one that is not, and what would be the sport if the result was always to be a foregone conclusion? In its uncertainty lies much of the charm of cricket. A thousand and one little things may contribute to the defeat of a travelling club, but we don't care to have them retailed to us. Philadelphians are proverbial for administering unpleasant surprises to over-confident and venturesome visitors to their own city; they should therefore be prepared to swallow a few doses of their own prescription without making wry faces.

Our Quaker City friends must not expect to find grounds equal to their own in every city they visit, nor must they allow every bit of their courage to evaporate at the sight of a bumpy or uneven field. Above all, they should bear in mind that it is not necessary to find an excuse for every defeat. A few defeats will not injure their reputation, and they will be happy encouragement to their successful opponents. In view of a possible meeting of Philadelphia and Chicago for the championship of the United States, the experience of the Germantown eleven in the Windy City constitutes a warning to them which cannot be ignored with impunity. The Chicago cricketers are entitled to a deal of credit for the victory over their redoubtable opponents. They have undoubtedly risen in the estimation of the cricket community, and should they continue to improve as they have in the past few years, they will make the Philadelphians work hard to retain the championship. Cricket is continually improving throughout the country, and the time is not far distant when the present supremacy of Philadelphia will not be so marked.

Every effort is being made by Philadelphia cricketers to induce a team of English amateurs to visit America in the autumn, and it affords us much pleasure to announce that success is likely to follow the attempt. It is the desire of the Germantown Cricket Club to celebrate the opening of their new home by an international match, and it is to be hoped they will attain their wish. The time is now ripe for another visit from our English rivals, and such contests are immeasurably interesting in determining the ratio of improvement in our play. There is every reason to believe that we are in a better position to-day than we have ever been to give our friendly invaders a warm reception in more ways than one, and it may not be inopportune to suggest that they bring along their best players. It would indeed be a feather in the cap of the Philadelphians if they could commemorate the opening of their new grounds by a victory over a representative English team, especially as the Philadelphia eleven is composed of amateurs and Americans.

If the legislation of the Amateur Athletic Union is always as sound as that prohibiting Sunday games, on penalty of disqualification, its career will be commendable in the extreme. The protest from St. Louis against this ruling and the subsequent secession from the A.A.U. of some of the clubs and resurrection of the old Western Association have been the means of setting back athletics in that city to the condition from which it had but just emerged. The Board of Managers of the A.A.U. is entirely right in standing firmly to the letter of the law, and should have the unqualified support of all amateur clubs. There is no room for argument on the question of Sunday games, any more than there is doubt as to the extreme good sense and sportsmanship of Mr. A. G. Mills's ruling on the subject in the reorganization scheme. Apart from the moral side of the question, concerning which is outside the province of this column, the feature of Sunday games has a most unwholesome effect on sport. It gives the public an erroneous impression of athletics, generally speaking, and it attracts spectators that are by no means in the majority at our club games nowadays.

The most reprehensible feature of the matter, however, is the class of athletes it draws into competition. To assert that the people in St. Louis are a different order of beings from those here is absurd. Upwards of eight years of my life were spent West, and possibly I may know something of them. The difference lies entirely in the men that advocate Sunday games. Athletics in the West, Detroit excepted, have by no means reached the standard that we are accustomed to set here, and St. Louis appears to have been particularly slow in the weeding process. I do not intend, by any means, to infer that there are no thoroughly active clubs and no amateurs in St. Louis; quite the contrary, there are one or two progressive and well-organized clubs, and as for amateurs, in proportion to the number competing, I believe there are more amateurs at heart than we have in the East. At the same time the element which to a very large extent is the active one in athletics out there has not been fitted by early training to carry on unassisted the work of reorganization in the amateur field.

It is not that those who may have participated in a few Sunday games are forever lost to the amateur fold, or that they might not continue competing on the seventh day and remain Simon-pure amateurs; but the mere fact of Sunday games has a demoralizing influence on athletics; it lowers the tone of the sport, and retards its proper progress. To be sure, there are here athletic clubs, so-called, that hold picnic games and give Sunday excursions at which dancing, running, and jumping and beer are liberally distributed throughout the day's entertainment. But these clubs are not members of the Amateur Athletic Union, and their entries would not be accepted by the games committee of any one of our amateur clubs. Yet these people are all very well in their way, only their way is not ours, that's all. Cultivated people throughout this country recognize the observation of Sunday, at least to all outward appearances, and no organization that hopes to include that class on its membership roll can afford to do otherwise. To say that the people of St. Louis are less respectable than those of any other city is nonsense. The Amateur Athletic Union is well rid of clubs that clamor for Sunday games.

There is no sport that excels canoeing in point of absolute recreation, and there are none but amateurs who paddle or sail the frail little craft. There are no mug-hunters, no "tramp" athletes, in canoeing. Those who go in for it do so from pure love of the glorious sport. On Thursday, August 6th, begins the eleventh annual meet of the American Canoe Association at Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain—one of the most picturesque points in the entire lake region. The meet lasts until the 27th, and those who have never been in camp, and have friends there, should avail themselves of the opportunity. There will be, of course, all sorts of races—paddling, sculling, a combination of both tandem, club fours, etc. But the great sport to the canoeist is the cruising, of which he will be able to get considerable about the lake, and going to and coming from the meet.

And what an independent traveller is the cruiser! His canoe costs him, completely fitted up, from $250 to $300. It contains compartments in either end for stowing away all his traps—cooking utensils, provisions, bedding, tent, clothing, etc. He carries a complete camping outfit. In sailing he sits down in the cockpit, which is over six feet long, and if it is rough or storming, he can cover himself with a snug-fitting apron. He has no fear of accident, for should he upset, two air compartments prevent the canoe from sinking. At night, if he goes into camp, he can drag his craft out of the water, get out his camping paraphernalia, and feast as sumptuously as he may. Afterwards he can spread out his mattress in the cockpit, erect his tent over it, take off his shoes like a Christian, turn in, and sleep the sleep of the righteous. The sport of a canoeist in this country is unbounded. He can go anywhere, everywhere, furnish his own transportation, hostelry, and service, and if he happens to be observing, can fill several note-books. There is no way at once so healthful, joyous, and economical to spend one's holidays.

The American Canoe Association was formed in 1880, and its first meet at Lake George in that same year brought together about a score of enthusiasts. The following two years the meet was held at the same place, and, while about fifty turned out in '81, the interest had grown so that over one hundred put in an appearance the third year. In '83 the meet went to Stony Lake, and about two hundred and fifty men attended. The Thousand Islands were chosen for three years, and then Bow and Arrow Point, on Lake Champlain. In '88 the A.C.A. went back to its first love—Lake George; and in '89 the Thousand Islands were again the site of the meet. It had always been the desire of a number of the association members to have a salt-water meet, and last year Peconic Bay was chosen, and the most successful meet up to that date held. From twenty, in 1880, the association membership has grown to about 2200, and the interest has become so widespread that it is divided into several divisions, viz., the Atlantic, consisting of the middle Atlantic seaboard and its leading rivers; the Eastern, including all of New England; the Central, including all the United States not in the Atlantic and Eastern; and the Northern, including all of Canada.

The New York Yacht Club's cruise began on Monday with the largest fleet, and certainly the most notable one that has ever gathered in this country. All day Sunday the yachts were attempting with no breeze to reach Glen Cove, and on Monday morning the sight of the fleet riding at anchor was a beautiful one. Wellnigh every kind of craft was on hand, and each and every one shone again from the dressing down she had received. It was a glorious showing for the New York Yacht Club, and proved its right to the distinction of premier of this country. As we are on the press the captains are in meeting on the flag-ship *Electra* to decide upon the plans of the cruise, but undoubtedly the run of the first day was to Huntington, and from there to New London on Tuesday. To-day, unless matters have been changed about considerably, the fleet is at New London, and likely enough the *Mineola* and *Jessica* will have their match race to determine what the special 46-footer event of the Cherry Diamond Yacht Club left very much undetermined. It is possible, however, it may not be decided until Newport is reached. Whenever or wherever it comes off, it should be extremely interesting, for both the boats have done very even work, and appear very closely matched. *Jessica* has sailed in eleven events, and has to her credit 2 firsts, 5 seconds, 3 thirds, and 1 fourth. The *Mineola* has started seven times, and has 1 first, 2 seconds, 2 thirds, and twice she was disabled.

If all goes well, the fleet will reach Newport Thursday night, and on Friday, wind and weather permitting, the most important event of the cruise will be in the Goelet Cup races. The race will be without time limit and under the rules of the club. It will bring together for the first time all the new 46-footers except *Alborak*, and decide whether Boston or New York is to have the honor of the champion in the new class. The cup for the sloops is valued at $500, and that of the schooners at $1000. On Saturday the run will be to Martha's Vineyard, where the fleet will probably spend Sunday. It is possible the stay may be prolonged to Monday, and a special race held by the 46-footers for a $500 cup offered by the Martha Vineyard Association. In this event, Tuesday, August 11th, will find the fleet at New Bedford, and the following day at Newport. A special race of the 46-footers for prizes offered by the New York Yacht Club will in all likelihood be sailed August 13th, though the exact date at this writing has not been determined upon. It may be sailed at New London the second day of the cruise; but if so, that will throw the match race of the *Mineola* and *Jessica* into the Newport week, and as the Owl and Game-cock colors are to be raced for, it is not likely the cruise will disband until Friday, August 14th. If the N. Y. Y. C. 46-foot race is sailed at New London, however, August 13th will probably be the final day.

The Corinthian Yacht Club of New York will take up its cue on the disbanding of the New York Yacht Club cruise, and a few days later, Monday, August 17th, will hold its special race for 46-footers. This will probably be the greatest race of the year. Every 46-footer is entered, and will undoubtedly start, and as all will have had an abundance of tuning up, the best work of the boats may be confidently expected. Moreover, the Boston and New York boats will have an opportunity during the New York cruise and races to size one another up, so that in the final race of the season, which the Corinthian will very probably be, the very best possible work will be brought out of each yacht. There seems little likelihood that *Gloriana* will lose, certainly not if she does as well as she has already shown. The contest between *Oweene* and *Beatrix* will be probably the most interesting feature of the races. They have each started four times, and each been credited with 2 firsts and 2 seconds. They are very evenly matched; but in a series of races, catching all kinds of weathers, it looks a little as though *Oweene* should score an extra point or so.

Our time is occupied so entirely with the racing of yachts on salt water that we are apt to overlook some extremely good performances of lake craft. There is a speedy cutter, *Yama*, on Lake Ontario which many yachtsmen believe can beat anything of her length in the country. She was built last year in the Wintringham yards, from Fife's designs, for the 40-foot corrected length class of the Lake Yacht-Racing Association, and is 52 feet l.o.a and 36 l.w.l. Her owner, Allen Ames, Commodore of the Oswego Yacht Club, has raced her against everything on the Lakes, and never sustained a defeat. Since she was put in commission she has defeated all the cracks of her class, *Merle*, *White Wings*, and *Verve*. This season her owner determined to play at higher game, and put her in the 46-foot class, where she defeated the *Oriole* and *Vreda*. The success of his yacht has made Mr. Ames ambitious to meet some of this season's 46-footers; but while there is small prospect of a race this season, one may be arranged for next year.

The Brokaw Memorial Fund is growing encouragingly, several large subscriptions having been received recently, notably that of the New York Athletic Club for $1000. It is proposed to raise $15,000 with which to purchase the present base-ball field at Princeton, calling it the Brokaw field, and to erect at its entrance a handsome gate with suitable tablet. Surely no more appropriate or lasting monument could be raised to the memory of this heroic boy than the field of the game with which he was so closely identified. Subscriptions to the fund are received by C. C. Dana, treasurer, the "Alpine," corner Thirty-third Street and Broadway, New York city.

The Longwood Cricket Club, of Boston, held a very successful lawn-tennis tournament last week. In the palmy days of Dr. Dwight and ex-champion R. D. Sears the Longwood grounds were the scene of many remarkable matches, and last week's affair was the beginning of an attempt to revive the old interest. It is proposed to make this tournament an annual affair, to be held just previous to the playing at Nahant, so that the players from New York and the West may participate in both events. With such managers as Dr. Dwight and R. D. Sears, it may be assumed that the tournament last week was well conducted. It was especially wise to play the best three out of five sets in all matches, for the time of the All-Comers' Tournament is now rapidly approaching, and the players need the severest kind of preparation for that week of hard playing. But the three-out-of-five rule made all the difference in the world to some of the contestants last week, and particularly to F. H. Hovey, who might have defeated E. L. Hall in the preliminary round, and having done that, been almost certain of a place in the final round, had the best two in three sets constituted a match.

Hall's victory over Hovey simply confirms the opinion, expressed in this column after the match at Saratoga between the same two men, which, it will be remembered, was also a five-set contest, and was won by Hovey. The Boston player was about exhausted at the end, however, and it was the general opinion that he would never be able to last through an All-Comers' tournament, in which he would be obliged to play a hard match, possibly of five sets, on each day. It is now said in Hovey's favor that he was not in good condition at Longwood last week; but, on the other hand, he certainly played a very clever game for four sets, and actually won the fourth, although young Mr. Hall was lobbing magnificently and playing generally in a style well calculated to wear out the strongest of adversaries. It was not until the fifth set that Hovey weakened materially, and even then he played pluckily, though hopelessly, to the close.

From the result of this match I draw two important conclusions: one, already stated, that Hovey cannot win at Newport; and a second, that while young Mr. Hall may not and probably will not win, no one will there meet a more dangerous adversary. It is true that his elder brother, V. G. Hall, defeated him in their last meeting at Southampton, and it is quite possible that he may do it again at Newport; but, at the same time, if I were a contestant at the latter place, and had my choice of adversaries, I should infinitely prefer to be pitted against the elder brother.

Last week's play has entirely changed my opinion of the younger Hall's game. I have always appreciated his skill and noted his rapid improvement, but at the time of the Westchester tournament it certainly appeared that there were three players, and probably more, who were reasonably sure of beating him every time they met. At the present time it seems to me that he stands just as good a chance to win at Newport as any player, with the exception of Hobart. No doubt this seems a rather wild opinion, in view of the fact that the coming championship tournament will be the first in which the young player has competed; but one of the best of his good qualities is a cool head, and the importance of the occasion will not cause him to become "rattled." Surely a young player never behaved with more coolness than did Hall at Longwood last week. The drawing was much against him, for even after winning from the redoubtable Hovey in the preliminary round, he was compelled to defeat such sterling players as R. D. Wrenn, Fred Mansfield, and Hugh Tallant in order to reach the final round. In the last great struggle he had to face Philip Sears, a man who had defeated him at Westchester three weeks before, and who was now playing in the midst of an army of friends, all anxious for his success. That Hall did not become "rattled," and that he won the tournament under such conditions despite Sears's hard work, are facts sufficient to stamp him as a dangerous customer in any company. The Hall-Sears score was 6-1, 8-6, 6-3.

Toward Nahant, the Summer Home of the Sears boys, all eyes are turned this week. During the last five or six years it has been the custom of the Searses to annually invite a few of the best players of the country for a week's play at Nahant. This week Nahant will see the greatest array of players ever gathered together outside of Newport. The contestants are the champion O. S. Campbell, R. P. Huntington, Clarence Hobart, F. H. Hovey, P. S. Sears, S. T. Chase, and the Hall brothers. It will be seen that all of the great players of last year are included in the list, except W. P. Knapp, who will be a prominent entry at Newport, and H. W. Slocum, Jun., H. A. Taylor, and C. A. Chase, none of whom are playing this year. If champion Campbell is playing as well as three weeks ago, he should win. The one most likely to defeat him should be Hobart; for Dr. Haven's dirt court, upon which all of the matches are played, is very much like those of the New York Tennis Club, where Hobart is accustomed to practise. Hovey is said to prefer turf to dirt, but inasmuch as he defeated Campbell for the intercollegiate championship on a dirt court, it is difficult to account for the preference. The fact that all matches are the best two in three sets is also in his favor. As each contestant plays every other, the Nahant tournament is never won by a "fluke," and it is quite probable, therefore, that any player, other than Campbell, who is victorious this week will also be the winner of the All-Comers'.

Caspar W. Whitney.

THE HON. J. SLOAT FASSETT, THE NEWLY APPOINTED COLLECTOR FOR THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.

A NEW COLLECTOR FOR THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

THE Collectorship of the Port of New York has always been regarded as one of the highest and most valuable offices in the gift of the President. The contest for it has pretty generally been warm, and on several notable occasions these contests have had serious effects upon the fortunes of the party in power. It was in a fight over this office that Senator Conkling and President Garfield had a misunderstanding which resulted in the resignation of Mr. Conkling and Mr. Platt from the Senate of the United States. To the ordinary mind it would seem that what was needed in the administration of the office was a clear-headed business man of experience in the foreign trade which passes through the port of New York. Before the enactment of the civil service laws the Collector had the bestowal of a vast amount of patronage, and therefore the office was of great importance in a political sense. The clear-headed business man at that time needed, therefore, to be also an adroit politician in order to administer the office and not always be in a pot of boiling water. And even now, despite the civil service laws, it seems impossible for a man with respect for these laws to do his duty to the government and at the same time do what politicians consider to be his duty to his party.

Colonel Joel B. Erhardt, who has just resigned the Collectorship, has never been any great advocate for civil service reform, but, on the contrary, has always been a zealous partisan. But he has also always been a respectable man, and has felt that when in office his duty was to obey the laws he found on the statute-books. In his administration of the Custom-house he has therefore found it impossible to dismiss all the men the Republican party managers demanded should be turned out, nor has he found a way by which he could appoint all whose party services demanded recognition. His failures in these regards have made him enemies among the machine managers, and at length his place was made so uncomfortable that he has resigned it. The President had the resignation under advisement for over a month, and at last accepted it when he was ready to name a successor.

Colonel Erhardt, when his resignation had been accepted, very frankly gave these reasons for resigning: "I have resigned because the Collector has been reduced to a position where he is no longer an independent officer, with authority commensurate with his responsibility. I have given bonds for $200,000. I have received for the government during the twenty months last past $322,697,135 40, and I am all the time personally responsible for enormous values in money and in merchandise. My duties are necessarily performed through about fifteen hundred employés. I am not willing to continue to be responsible for their conduct unless I can have proper authority over them.

"The recent policy of the Treasury Department has been to control the details of the customs administration at the port of New York from Washington at the dictate of a private individual having no official responsibility. The Collector is practically deprived of power and control, while he is left subject to all responsibility. The office is no longer independent, and I am. Therefore we have separated."

The President has named Senator J. Sloat Fassett, of Elmira, as Colonel Erhardt's successor. Mr. Fassett was a candidate for the place at the beginning of Mr. Harrison's administration, and at that time was warmly pressed for the post by ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, whose own ambition to be Secretary of the Treasury could not be gratified. It appears that Mr. Harrison was not ready at that time to turn over all the Federal offices in the State of New York to Mr. Platt. This appointment may mean that he now feels differently. Mr. Fassett, the new Collector, is only thirty-eight years old. He was educated at the University of Rochester, and took a post-graduate course at Heidelberg. When he returned from Germany he studied law, and soon after being admitted to the bar was appointed District Attorney for Chemung County by Governor Lucius Robinson. In 1884 he was elected Senator to represent the counties of Chemung, Steuben, and Allegany. He has been three times re-elected, and during the last two terms he has been the leader of his party in the Senate. During the Presidential campaign of 1888 he was secretary of the Republican National Committee. He was also chairman of a committee of the Legislature which examined into the intricate affairs of New York's city government. His committee brought to light many facts which made some of the highest office-holders in New York feel very uncomfortable. The political bias given by the chairman to the investigation prevented it from doing any great measure of good. Mr. Fassett is also the editor and owner of the Elmira *Advertiser*.

It will thus be seen that the new Collector of the Port has had a good deal of political experience, even though he is still quite a young man. Of his business qualifications the public has no knowledge. The retiring Collector was a soldier during the war, and participated in many battles, attaining the rank of captain in a Vermont regiment of cavalry. In 1863 President Lincoln made him Provost Marshal of the Fourth Congressional District of New York. This was after the draft riots. After the war he was Assistant District Attorney in Brooklyn. When he came to New York to live, Mayor Wickham made him a Police Commissioner, and he held this office for a long time, during which he was one of General Arthur's most trusted assistants in running the affairs of the Republican party in New York. When General Arthur became President, Colonel Erhardt was appointed United States Marshal. In 1888 he ran as the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York against Mr. Grant and Mr. Hewitt. He was second in the race. He was then appointed Collector. He is fifty-three years old, and in appearance greatly resembles Prince Bismarck.

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SEVERE.

CADLEY. "What are the rules of this club about paying accounts, anyhow?"
SKINNER. "You ought to know. You are the best posted man in the club."

"I say, what a little chap you are! Have you always been so?"

CORRIDAS DE TOROS—MADRID AND PARIS.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

JAMES HOWELL, writing from Madrid in the year 1623 to his "very good lord" Colchester, says:

"There was a great show lately here of baiting of bulls with men, for the entertainment of the Prince [of Wales]; it is the chiefest of all Spanish sports; commonly there are men killed at it, therefore there are priests appointed to be there ready to confess them. It hath happened oftentimes that a bull hath taken two men upon his horns with their guts dangling about them. The horsemen run with lances and swords, the foot with goads. As I am told, the Pope hath sent divers Bulls against this sport of bulling, yet it will not be left, the nation hath taken such an habitual delight in it."

Yes, nothing can make the Spaniards give up bulling. I was at Granada the other year when a great hurricane swept away the upper part of the bull-ring. A municipal meeting was held shortly afterwards, and the mayor, being a man of progress, proposed that some money should be spent on repairing and improving the roads, and thereby rendering the city more agreeable to visitors. "No! no! First of all, let us rebuild the bull-ring," cried the majority. "La Plaza! la Plaza!" And the money was voted at once.

Never have there been more bull-rings in Spain than at the present day, never more *toreros*, and never has the breeding of wild bulls, *toros bravos*, been more extensive and systematic. In Seville, the great school of bull-fighting, almost half the young male population seems to consist of apprentice *chulos* and *picadores*. In Madrid, from early morning until late at night, the Puerta del Sol is dotted with lounging groups of young and old bull-fighters, while the cafés are full of amateurs of the sport, *aficionados*, whose great joy in life is to have the honor of the acquaintance of Angel Pastor, Mazzantini, Lagartijo, and other celebrities of the *muleta*, or of the pike. All this is very human and very comprehensible. The *toreros*, or bull-fighters, possess the prestige of men who have no fear of danger or of death; they are, furthermore, public characters like actors; their existence is purely ornamental; they are the living toys, the pets, the spoiled children, of the public; they inspire respect by their courage, curiosity by their strange gladiatorial occupation, admiration by their physique, and sympathy by the simplicity and vanity which generally characterize their mental condition. The *torero* is, as a rule, a charming creature; he is satisfied with himself and with the world; he is

TORERO IN STREET DRESS.

well-to-do and often rich; he is brave, strong, and healthy; he lives in an atmosphere of applause and appreciation; he commands the smiles of ladies of high and of low degree; he is temperate in his habits, and consequently of equable humor; his suavity, in short, is unsurpassable. Bull-fighting, indeed, is one of the finest careers in modern Spain. Mazzantini, the "gentleman" *torero*, an educated and most intelligent man, who used to be a station-master, and who has since turned the heads of society ladies in Paris, told the late King Alfonso that he took to the ring because he became convinced that in Spain there are but three quick roads to wealth and popularity, namely, politics, the highway, and the bull-ring.

When I first saw a group of bull-fighters lounging on the corner of the Puerta del Sol, beside the dainty brass stand of the water-seller, I was deeply impressed. The flat-brimmed gray or black felt hat, planted jauntily a little on one side, with the pigtail tucked in at the back, leaving a queer little white patch on the occiput where the upturned hair leaves the skin bare; the clean-shaven white faces of a rich paleness like the flesh of Titian's nudes; the dainty shirts with a narrow band round the neck fastened by an elaborate buckle; the discreet diamonds and jewels in the immaculate shirt front; the short jacket, sometimes decorated with tags and brandebourgs, the pockets cut crosswise and lined with flaming red or blue; the open waistcoat; the light striped trousers fitting very tightly; the fine shoes; the general spruceness of aspect; the perfect self-possession, and the athletic bearing of these men pleased me at once. On the Puerta del Sol, in the Café de las Columnas, and in the Café Suizo at Seville I have spent hours and days watching them, talking with them, listening to them, and marvelling at their innocence and simplicity. I have been with them to their cock-fights; taken part in suburban picnics where each *majo* had his *maja;* I have had the honor of dining with Angel Pastor in his own house, and of hearing his daughter play the piano, which, in its way, is equivalent to dining with Adelina Patti and hearing Nicolini sing a song at dessert. A man cannot desire more.

The Spanish *torero* is something between an ancient Greek athlete and a Roman gladiator, a creature to be celebrated in Pindaric odes. He is generally a man of low origin; many *toreros* begin as slaughter-house boys; but, like those ballet dancers who are born in concierges' hutches on the genial heights of Montmartre, and who become, nevertheless, living poems of refinement and grace, thanks to the discipline of their art, so, too, the *torero* acquires a varnish of aristocracy from the exercise of his dangerous and fascinating profession.

We are at Madrid. It is Sunday. The sun is blazing fiercely. This afternoon there is a grand *Corrida Extraordinaria*. We have our front seats on the shady side, facing the *toril*. Very good. Supposing we drive out this morning to the Plaza to see the *apartado*.

A VAQUERO.

The Plaza is an imposing Moorish building of red brick on the edge of a bare plain without the city, a vast amphitheatre, constructed on the plan of the ancient Roman arenas, with, at the back, stalls, dependencies, and corrals. To see the *apartado* we go to the dependencies, pass through a small door, and find ourselves in a yard communicating with the arena by a broad arched passage. On one side of this yard are stables filled with nearly two hundred worn-out horses in all stages of decadence. Some of these horses, you notice, are covered with seams and fearful scars; others have literally holes in their bodies. Opposite the stable is an infirmary where wounded horses, bandaged and sewn up in the strangest ways, calmly eat hay and oats, having as happy a time as they can until an inglorious death overtakes them. These are the horses ridden by the *picadores*, the real victims of the *corrida*, the defenceless sufferers in whose flesh and entrails the infuriated bull fleshes his horns; and if he be a fine bull he will gore and kill half a dozen horses in as many minutes, and some forty or fifty are always waiting ready saddled for the *picador* to mount them and spur them on to death. Often a horse escapes from our bull with a few holes only. He is then taken to the infirmary, the holes are stopped with tow or sewn up if necessary, and the horse is good for another bull. We see some boys in the yard busy twisting up balls of tow for this purpose.

On the other side of the yard is an infirmary, with two beds in it, for wounded *toreros*, and adjoining it a chapel, with candles burning on the altar. Nowadays there is no priest to confess the *toreros*, as in James Howell's time; the modern clergy do not openly countenance bull-fighting; but the chapel is allowed to remain, and before going into the ring the men go in there and kneel down, and their piety always keeps candles burning before the religious images. On another side of the yard is the waiting-room of the *toreros* and the office of the administration, where, on the morning of each *corrida*, the municipal authorities examine the pikes of the *picadores* and the barbed points of the *banderillas*, in order to verify the length, the object both of the pikes and of the *banderillas* being to prick and irritate the bull only, and not to wound him seriously, or in any way diminish his fighting powers. We see the Alcalde, the mayor, or his delegates gravely examine all these accessories and measure each one. Then we go up stairs to the galleries that surround the corrals.

The bulls, which are not less than four and not more than eight years of age, and which cost from $200 to $500 each, are brought into the corral by night, being driven in from the country by mounted *vaqueros* armed with long goads, and aided by trained oxen called *cabestros*, that play the part of shepherds' dogs, and manage the wild bulls with wonderful intelligence. The *cabestros* almost always have cream-colored robes, and wear clanking bells round their necks. They are now standing in the corral with the wild bulls. All round the corral, it will be noticed, runs an intermittent barrier, under shelter of which the *vaqueros* pass to put fodder in the racks and to manage the bulls. This outer corral is connected by swinging doors with an inner corral, which is divided into eight compartments, separated by swinging doors, and surrounded each by a gallery. This inner corral communicates with a double gallery having four small compartments at each side and terminating in a final compartment called the *toril*, the door of which opens into the arena. The *apartado* consists in driving the bulls from the outer into the inner corral, and then, with the aid of the *cabestros* and of long poles wielded from the galleries, in separating the bulls, and driving them into the compartments of the innermost corral, each one in its turn, and in the order of the programme, for in Spain, it must be remarked, each bull has its name, and appears in the ring with the colors of its stud, or *ganaderia*. When the bulls have been secured in the proper compartments, the light is carefully excluded, and the animals are left in complete darkness and silence for four hours or more, until the *corrida* begins.

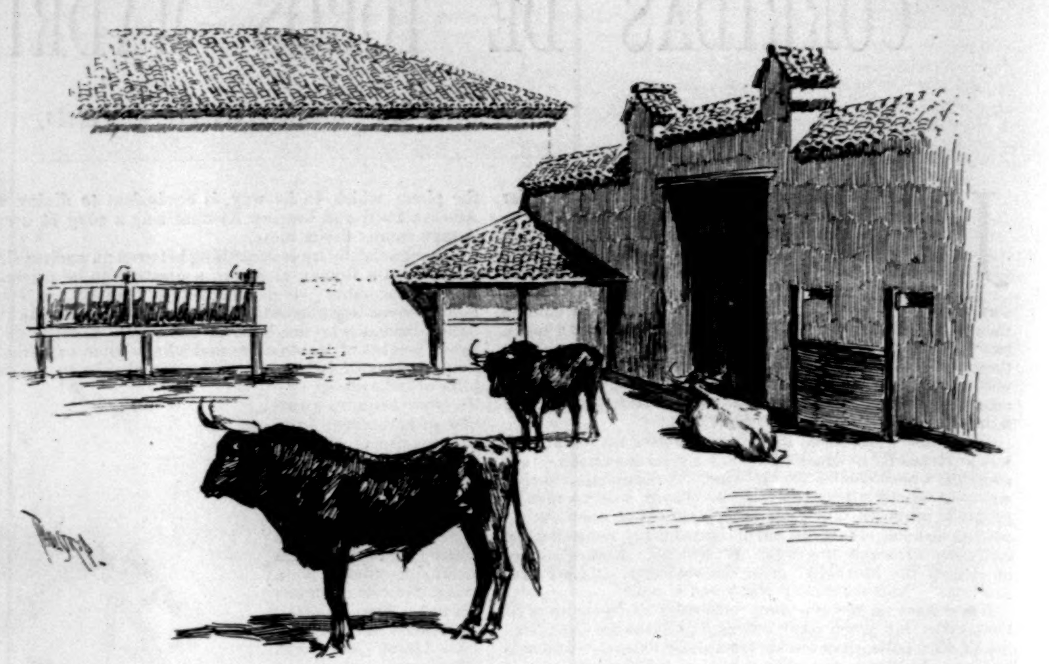
Having witnessed this curious operation, accompanied by cries of "Abra!" (Open!), "Cierra!" (Shut!), "Anda! Anda!" followed by the fierce snorting of the bulls, and then the loud banging of the heavy doors worked by ropes, we may pass into the arena and examine its arrangement. All around the ring is a circular passageway formed by a wooden barrier about five feet six inches high, painted red at the top, black at the bottom, and divided into unequal parts by a white cornice that runs along it at a height of about eighteen inches from the ground. The *torero*, when pursued closely by the bull, puts his foot on this cornice, vaults over the barrier, and finds protection in the passage. This act is called *tomar el olivo*, and is resorted to only when absolutely necessary. Between this barrier and the wall above which the amphitheatre rises various actors of the tauromachic drama remain, ready to exercise their functions, notably the *alguazils*, the fresh *picadores*, the *chulos*, the valets, the *cachetero*, who despatches the wounded horses, the carpenters who have to repair in a moment any damage done by the bull to the wooden barrier. The barrier of the arena is pierced by four doors, each having its special use. One is the door of the *toril*, by which the bull enters; to the left of this is the door for the *picadores;* to the right is the door by which the dead bulls and horses are dragged out to the slaughter-house; opposite the *toril* and below the presidential box is the door of honor through which the procession of the actors enters the arena, preceded by trumpeters, drummers, and *alguazils*.

The entry of the performers takes place generally at 3 P.M. *Alguazils, espadas, banderilleros, chulos, picadores*, and then the valets and the teams of mules. All the *toreros* are clad in the traditional costume—satin jacket and breeches, trimmed with spangles, embroidery, gold and silver cord, and appliqués of astrakhan; rose or white stockings, brilliant

PICADOR'S HORSES.

waistbands, the curious chenille cap called a *montera*, and the *moño* or chignon and little pigtail hanging over the nape of the neck. On the left shoulder a brilliant mantle is thrown, and draped with a peculiar elegance. While the trumpets flourish, the procession marches across the arena and salutes the presidential box. A mounted *alguazil*, clad in the costume of the time of Philip II., then rides up to the point opposite the presidential box; the president throws down the key of the *toril;* the *alguazil* gallops across the ring and gives the key to a valet, and then gallops out of the ring, amidst the hisses and howls of the public. In Spain it is the tradition to hiss the *alguazil;* it is a manifestation of independence; indeed, during the whole *corrida* no opportunity is ever lost of flinging the most insulting epithets and the bitterest taunts at the box where the representatives of the municipality are seated. Meanwhile the *toreros* have flung their parade cloaks to friends and notabilities seated in the front row, who spread them out in decorative splendor around the amphitheatre. As they pass along the barrier, the *toreros* are greeted with friendly cries: "Frascuelo! Como va?" "Adios Angel!" "Adios El Largo!" "Que tal, Corito?" Rapidly the *cuadrilla* takes up its positions. The strident trumpet sounds; the *toril* is opened, and from the darkness where he has been confined since morning the bull dashes out, carrying on his shoulder a bunch of ribbons with the colors of his stud or *ganaderia*.

The combat between the men and the bull is regulated by certain immutable principles, and attended by a succession of invariable phenomena, which are produced by the action of the *picadores*, the *banderilleros*, and the *espada*. Each actor has his rôle; the strictest discipline is exacted from all; and all are required to realize the three indispensable conditions of courage, agility, and knowledge of the precepts of tauromachy. "True courage for a *torero*," says Sanchez Lozano in his *Manual de Tauromaquia*, "consists in displaying the same serenity and the same coolness and presence of mind when the bull is before him as when there is no bull." First of all let us enumerate the actors. The *picador*, the mounted *torero*, receives the first shock of the fresh bull, mounted on a wretched nag that carries with difficulty this stalwart rider, whose weight is increased by the sheet-iron buskins in which his legs are encased; the *picador* awaits the charge of the bull, and even advances to provoke it. He is armed with a long lance or *vara* with a short iron point that can only prick the skin of the bull, as we have already seen. The duty of the *picador* is to prick the bull in the neck and between the shoulders, but he must be careful not to tear the skin. Firmly planted in his stirrups, he holds his lance, receives the charge of the bull, and keeps him at bay by main force or gets dismounted in the attempt, while the horse gets pierced or ripped up by the bull's horns. Immediately the *capeadores* come and fling their capes to distract the bull, while another *picador* gets his horse into position to receive the charge of the animal, for the *picador* must always have the bull at his right hand. The right eye of the horse he rides is blindfolded in order that the animal may not see the danger that threatens him when the bull rushes at him. The stronger the bull the more horses he requires in order to take the sharp edge off his fury and tire him a little, the whole theory of the combat being the systematic and scientific fatiguing of the adversary. In Spain, at Albacete, I saw a bull rip up and kill ten horses before the experts thought it prudent to proceed to the second part of the programme, in which the chief actors are the *banderilleros*.



THE TORIL.

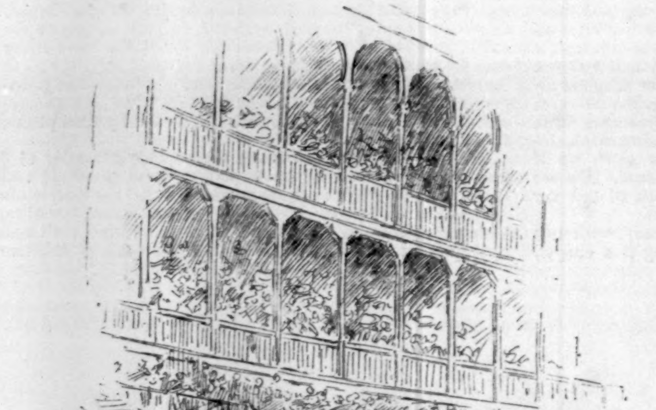
The costume of the *picador* consists of a short velvet jacket embroidered with gold, silver, or silk, a thick buff leather trousers over iron greaves and leggings, a broad silk sash, open waistcoat, and a broad-brimmed white felt hat, called a *castoreño*, trimmed with red woollen pompons.

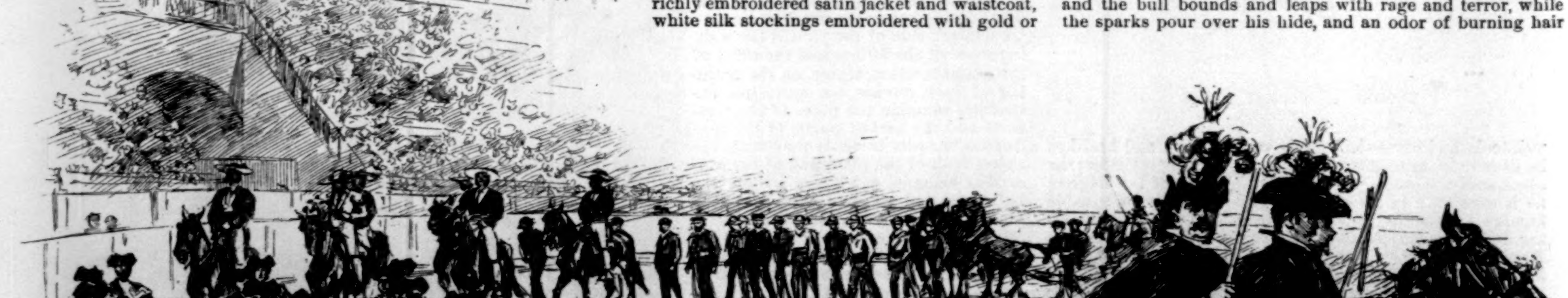
The *capeadores* or *chulos* are armed only with mantles of brilliant red or yellow color, which they fling at the bull to irritate and fatigue him. The animal rushes at the red mantle and tosses it, but the tremendous impetus of the movement that he gives to his head meets no obstacle but the unresisting air. This movement, repeated time after time, while the bull rushes here and there, ends by fatiguing the neck and gradually reducing the aggressive power of the animal. The *capeadores* come into the arena as soon as a *picador* has been charged by the bull, and they remain there until the *espada* advances to despatch the victim, always ready to cause a diversion and to protect the *picadores* and the *banderilleros* whenever seriously menaced by the bull. As soon as the trumpets sound the death of the bull, the *capeadores* retire behind the barrier, but at a sign from the *espada*, or at the slightest danger, they jump into the ring again and fling their capes to distract the bull, their rôle being essentially protective. At the same time they have the bull all to themselves often during a *corrida*, and, with their capes and their prodigious agility, they perform wonderful feats of graceful dexterity and coolness. The art of tauromachy has been so perfectly studied that there is hardly a possible movement of the bull and of the *toreros* that has not been noted, and whole chapters might be devoted to describing the various *suertes de vara*, which are the ways in which a *picador* can receive the charge of the bull, and the *suertes de capa*, which have each a name: *suerte al costado, de frente por detras, de tijera, entre dos, suerte de la veronica*, etc. The last-mentioned *suerte* is one of the most elegant and dangerous; the *capeador* bounds before the bull, and when the horns are just grazing his body he escapes the shock by a sharp pirouette, at the same time wrapping his cloak around him.

The costume of the *capeador* consists of a richly embroidered satin jacket and waistcoat, white silk stockings embroidered with gold or silver, light pumps with bows of ribbons, and the black velvet *montera* trimmed with chenille.

After the bull has been sufficiently fatigued by the *picadores* and *chulos*, the trumpet gives the signal for the *banderilleros* to enter the arena. The *banderilla* is a wooden rod about two feet long, adorned with bands of colored paper, and armed at one end with an iron barb like a fish-hook. The rôle of the *banderilleros* is to stimulate the fury of the bull by planting these barbs in his neck and shoulders. It is a part full of danger, and the *banderilleros*, in order to fulfil it adequately, require to combine in their persons the prodigious agility and suppleness of the *capeador* and the sure eye of the *espada*. In doing their work they are assisted and protected by the *capeadores*, who, with their cloaks, bring the bull into position or distract his attention as need may be. Two *banderilleros* are detached for each bull, and in turn plant their *banderillas* according to the rules of the art. As for the *picadores* there are *suertes de vara*, and for the *capeadores suertes de capa*, so there are *suertes de banderillas*, known by the names *al cuarteo, á topacarnero, al sesgo, al relance, al recorte, á la media vuelta*, etc., according to the manner in which the *banderillero* invites, meets, or dodges the charge of the bull, and at the same time plants the *banderillas* neatly, one on each side of the withers. To describe these nice distinctions would involve long explanations that would weary the reader unfamiliar with tauromachy. I note some of these delicate points *en passant* in order to keep the reader in mind that bull-fighting is an art, and because I have frequently remarked that people who see a bull-fight for the first time have a tendency to think that the different phases of the combat happen anyhow; they do not perceive the art, the careful sequence of the moves, the adaptation of the methods employed to the temperament of the bull; they even do not realize the constant dangers to which the *toreros* are exposed, and from which they escape only by the exercise of imperturbable coolness and unrelaxing observance of discipline and of the rules and precepts of the art.

We may mention finally the *suerte de la silla*, where the *banderillero* sits on a chair in the middle of the arena and awaits the charge of the bull. The animal rushes at him with his head down. The *banderillero* springs aside lightly and plants the barbs, while the bull catches the chair upon his horns. In Spain, when a bull is sluggish, the president, at the furious request of the public, authorizes *banderillas* with fire-crackers and fusees inside, called *banderillas de fuego*. These fireworks burst as soon as the barbs are planted, and the bull bounds and leaps with rage and terror, while the sparks pour over his hide, and an odor of burning hair

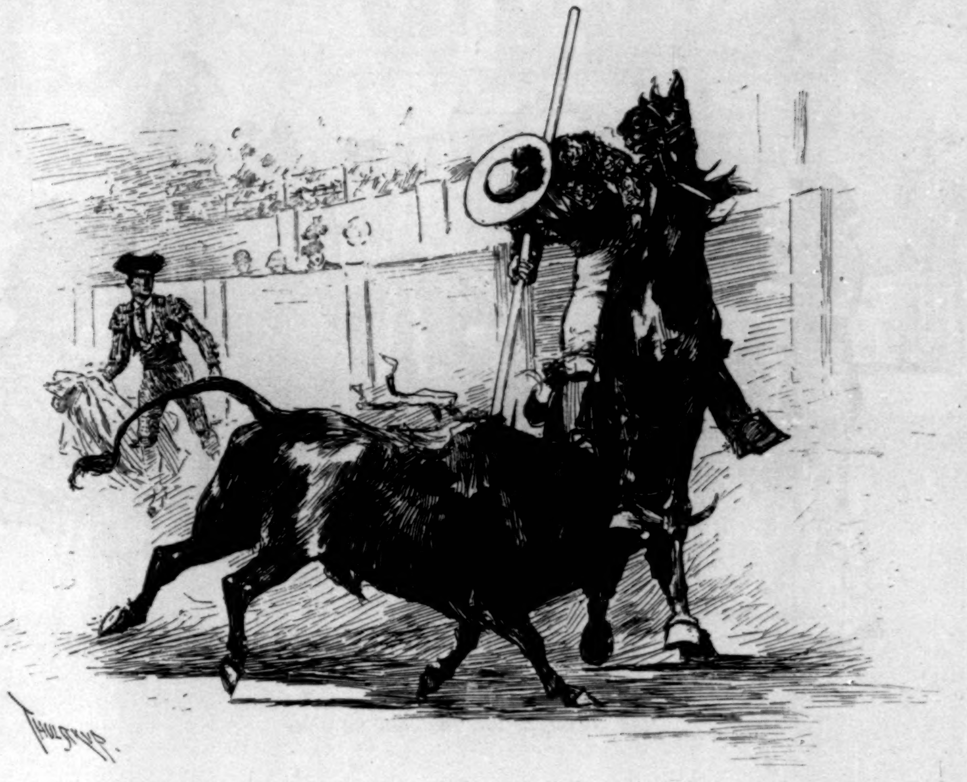




THE PROCESSION.

and powder fills the amphitheatre. In gala *corridas* the *banderillas* often contain birds, pigeons, or doves, which fly out when the barbs are fixed in the neck of the animal.

When the bull has been sufficiently fatigued by the *banderillas*, the trumpet sounds his death. The *espada* advances in front of the presidential box, and, hat in hand, demands permission to kill the bull or perish in the attempt. Having obtained this, he advances to the combat alone, armed with a long sword and a *muleta*, which is a square of scarlet cloth rolled round a stick. The *muleta* is used to worry the bull. The sight of the red flag infuriates him; he rushes at it with his head down, tosses the wind, and gets his neck more and more tired, at the same time that he continually presents to the *torero* the spot where he is to plunge his sword. The agility and sang-froid of a clever *espada* in playing the bull with the *muleta* are wonderful to behold. As for the *coup de grace*, there are various ways of giving it; but the *espada* must only strike the bull in front, face to face, and if the blow is perfectly given, the sword ought to disappear up to the hilt between the shoulders of the animal. If the *espada* kills his bull badly, if, for instance, he plants his sword in the side of the shoulders, *baja*, and pierces the lungs, thus causing the bull to vomit blood, he is hooted and abused. On the other hand, if he plants his sword well



PICADOR RESISTING AN ONSET.

THE CABALLERO EN PLAZA ATTACKING THE BULL.

en los rubios, the applause knows no bounds, and the *diestro* is assailed by a perfect storm of hats, fans, cigar-cases, cigars, and even purses of money.

The *espada's* sword-thrust, however, rarely causes immediate death. Sometimes it requires two or three thrusts to kill a difficult bull if the *espada* is not lucky enough to strike well with the first. But the moment the bull kneels or lies down, the moment he pays no longer any attention to the *muleta*, the dignity of the *espada* does not allow him to interfere. To despatch the mortally wounded bull is the business of the *cachetero*, who strikes the beast with a *puntilla*, or poniard, between the first and second vertebræ. Three mules gayly harnessed and caparisoned with red and yellow, the colors of Spain, are then driven into the arena and hitched on to the horns of the dead bull, whose corpse is dragged across the plaza at a furious gallop, with much cracking of whips. The dead horses are also dragged off by teams of mules. Sand is sprinkled over the pools of blood. The trumpets sound. The door of the *toril* is flung open, and a fresh bull rushes into the arena, to be killed according to the rules of the art.

The direction of the *corrida* generally belongs to the oldest *espada* present. The *picadores, chulos, banderilleros*, and the younger *espadas* are all under his orders. It is he who sees that the *picadores* are placed correctly, and at the proper distance to the left of the *toril*, and that the entrance of the bull is not troubled by anything irregular. This entrance of the bull is a most important incident, for it is by observing the way that the beast bounds out of the *toril* and gains the middle of the arena that the *espada* sees at once what is the temper of the animal, and settles what methods must be employed to fight him, how many horses he must be allowed to gore, how many pairs of *banderillas* he will stand, and so forth. The eye of the *torero* in one rapid glance seizes the whole calibre and capacities of the bull, which are described by a special vocabulary, rich in technical words, such as *levantado, boyante, parado, aplomado, de muchas piernas*, etc.

The art of killing the bull, as it is now practised in Spain, is of comparatively modern invention. The origin of bull-fighting in an arena is traced back to the eleventh century, when the Moors, it is said, introduced the sport into Spain. The Christian knights soon followed the example of the Moors, and the famous Cid, at their head, entered the ring on horseback, armed with a lance. The exploits of this hero sufficed to make the amusement fashionable in all the fêtes of the Spanish nobility. Thus it happened that the first *caballeros en plaza* were those sons of noble families who were not considered to be worthy of the love of a woman until they had given in public proof of their courage. Charles I., we read, fought the bull at Valladolid to celebrate the birth of his son, who afterwards reigned under the name of Philip II.

The sovereigns setting the example, the Spanish grandees became adepts, and the *corridas* went on increasing in splendor and in art during the reigns of Philip III., Philip IV., and Charles II. In 1700, when the Duke of Anjou came to the throne under the name of Philip V., the nobility ceased to take an active part in the sport, the timorous King having manifested his dislike of the spectacle.

Meanwhile the people had grown to love bull-fighting, and the necessities of continuing the spectacle made a regular profession of what had hitherto been a pastime for the nobles, and a trial of bravery rather than a manifestation of skill and science. The modern art of tauromachy really dates from Pedro Romero, who, at the end of the eighteenth century, reduced the matter to a certain number of rules, and was the first to face the bull single-handed, with no other arms than a *muleta* and a sword, thus creating the rôle of the *matador*, now called the *espada*. His son, Juan Romero, regulated the attributions of the *picadores, capeadores*, and *banderilleros*, and thus we may say that the father and the son between them instituted the *cuadrilla* as it now exists, while the schools of Arunda and Seville produced a succession of eminent *toreros*, whose names have remained famous in the annals of the art, and are now written up in bright letters around the arena recently established in that most civilized and refined city Paris.

The practice of bull-fighting has been at all times violently attacked. The Church and the laity have endeavored to suppress the sport, which has passed through many vicissitudes of splendor and decadence before arriving at our own times. Indeed, nothing that the human imagination can suggest has been neglected, both by the Spaniards themselves and by foreigners, in order to deprive the people of Spain of their dearest diversion. Nowadays the case seems stranger than ever, inasmuch as, thanks to newspapers, books, and facilities of communication, the North imposes more and more its manners and ways of thinking upon the South. Nevertheless, Spain continues to be the country that merited the passionate love of Stendhal, for "the Spaniards," said the author of *Rouge et Noir*, "are to-day the only people who dare to do as they please."

On the question of the bad or good influence of bull-fighting on the Spanish nation, we might quote a score of passages from eminent writers and thinkers, from Jovellanos and Jean Jacques Rousseau down to Théophile Gautier and Jules Claretie. There is one page, however, more worth quoting than others; it is the ardent appreciation of that distinguished and brilliant thinker Edgar Quinet. "This spectacle, so deeply rooted in the manners and customs of Spain," says this writer, "is not an amusement, it is an institution. It is in the very spirit of the people. It fortifies, it hardens perhaps, but it does not corrupt. Who knows if the strongest qualities of the Spaniards are not kept up by the emulation of the bull-ring—the coolness, the temerity, the heroism, the contempt of death? Neither the breath of the South, nor the *galanterie* of the Moors, nor the régime of the monks, has been able to soften Spain since she receives the education of the Centaur. From how many dissolute games have not these robust sports preserved her! The bull has always fought with Spain. Let his horns be crowned with a motto in silver and in gold: 'He has vanquished Mohammed, Philip II., and Napoleon!' If I were a Spaniard I would take good care not to violate these heroic games in the name of new subtleties. On the contrary, I would restore to them all their former lustre. If you suppress the bull-fights, as some advise, you are at once invaded by the

CHULO, OR CAPEADOR, CREATING A DIVERSION.